THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor. TERMS: $2.00 a Year, in Advance.

VOLUME X. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1877. NUMBER 25.

Fate.

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other's being and no heed;
And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death;
And, all unconsciously, shape every act,
And bend each wandering step to this one end—
That, one day out of darkness they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life,
So nearly side by side that, should one turn
Ever so little space to left or right,
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face;
And yet, with wistful eyes that never meet,
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days,
And die unsatisfied, and this is fate.

My Mother.

Back through the lapse of lonely years,
Of light and shade, and bitter tears,
I seem to hear
My mother's voice soft, sweet and low—
My mother's voice, ah! well I know
Its cadence dear.

Oft sitting, when the night bird wings
His homeward flight and softly sings
A plaintive song,
Then mem'ry waves her magic wand
And summons from the silent land
Dear ones long gone.

Again, I stand by mother's knee,
Again her sainted face I see,
As in a dream.
Then asks my heart, with voice of tears,
For her; alas the sad, sad years
Lie dark between.

Oh! mother, from that sphere divine,
On wings of light cleave realms of time,
Come thou to me
If for only a little space,
That I may look on thy dear face.
One moment see,
As once I saw, thy tender eyes,
That know not tears in Paradise,
Grieved no more.
I watch for thee, oh! mother dear;
I li ten, and I seem to hear
Thy songs float o'er
That lonely river, deep and wide,
Which darkly rolls its Stygian tide
From shore to shore;
Silent and deep through lonely years
Swollen with bitter farewell tears
Forever more.

Trusting, I'll wait while life lasts here,
Till in that grand, immortal sphere,
Where sorrows cease,
We meet, and on thy loving breast
My weary head shall be at rest
In perfect peace.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

THE MESSAGE.

"My dear fellow, I am delighted to see you," exclaimed my friend McCausland, as he met me at the door of his house.

I had gone on a visit to Holmesdale, a little town in the north of England. McCausland was an engineer of some company there, and had invited me to go down for a week.

After the usual interval for dressing, we sat down to an excellent little dinner. Not unnaturally the conversation turned upon the weather.

"I am sorry this rain continues," said McCausland; "it spoils my water supply. People bully me as if I could help it."

"Are your reservoirs near the town?" I asked.

"No," he replied, "away in the hills. We can go over to-morrow if you like. I'm due there."

The excursion was arranged. We agreed to start at eleven o'clock next morning, and we started punctually.

We pursued our way up the hill, and crossing the brow, reached a small inn. Here we found a country gig awaiting us. Into this we clambered, and proceeded along a wooded broad, stony and rut-full. At length, when hope had almost given way to bad language, we pulled up at another small inn called the "Reservoir." We got out of the gig gladly.

An engineer foreman hurried up and accosted us politely.

"Is all right, Johnson?" inquired McCausland.

"Yes, all right; but"—

"Well, but what?"

"I don't quite like the south reservoir embankment," was the reply.

McCausland turned pale to his very lips.

"Come with me," he said abruptly. We hurried after him in silence, and with a strange dread upon us.

We soon came in sight of the extensive embankment, which confined the waters of the largest of the three reservoirs of the Holmesdale company. A fresh breeze was blowing the water in small noisy waves against the paved top of the bank. Here and there a tongue of liquid spat upon the stonework, and at one spot it trickled down into and apparently came through the grass.

"This is the spot I was looking at this morning," said Johnson.

"You had better have a few men to puddle up this," said McCausland, indicating a tiny crack that would have escaped less experienced eyes.

We then continued our inspection, but during our progress round the works the clouds had massed themselves in wild grand ur above the hills, and lay heavily above the Apps valley and the railroad. The viaduct, a fine and graceful viaduct near Ammering junction. The dark slaty clouds hung suspended over this district. Long tendrils of the scud came forth from them like fingers. These clutched now a rock, then a solitary tree, now swept up again and brought down a larger mass of cloud to place upon the ground—ever stealing onward and downward, leaving all in its stealthy track dark and foggy. A low moaning sound was in the air. It was not the wind, for the breeze had strangely lulled. The trees scarcely moved, yet the water rolled up against the reservoir banks as if agitated by an unseen wheel. We all seemed conscious of the disturbance of the atmospheric condition, and the leaves whispered strange confidences to the motionless boughs above our heads.

The men had all gone to the reservoirs. McCausland and I sat chatting together.

"Do you think you could find your way back alone?" he asked, suddenly.

"Why?" I said. "Do you intend to remain here? Is there any danger?"

"Well, scarcely that; but I think I ought to be on the spot. I will return to-morrow or next day."

"Cannot I stay too?"

"Certainly, if you desire it. We rough it up here, though."

"I do not mind that," I replied. So it was settled. Fortunate it was that I did remain. As we were preparing to visit the sluices again we were startled by a vivid flash of lightning, which had hardly passed when the rocks rang out with a thou and thunder echoes.

This was the signal. The windows of heaven opened, and a perfect deluge descended upon the devoted valley. The little brooks leaped up and danced down the hill sides in white array. Tiny waterfalls swelled themselves into cataracts, and foamed down to the streams. The wind rose from its sleep and forced great rolling waves across the coping of the reservoirs, and stones and grass became commingled.

Now the sluice valves were all opened, and the long imprisoned water gladly dashed from out its prison to meet its native river once again. The channel of the Holmesdale, once more filled with water, divided on the hill. But still the men worked hard, and all the morning gloom and thunder by lantern light, and nature rested not that livelong night.

But I turned in and got some sleep in defiance of the elemental war without.

At five o'clock in the morning, as the gray light was struggling into life, McCausland came, fully dressed, into my room. I started up.

"Dress yourself as quick as you can and come down stairs," he said.

I began to ask questions. "Look here, there's a good fellow; I want your assistance." He left the room.

I jumped up at once, hurried to the window and looked out. Day was just breaking through the misty sky, and all the world was raining. The water was pashing from the eaves, and mingled with the heavy drops, burst into a separate stream in every rut and furrow. The wind beat the tall trees and roared amid the branches. Here and anon a sharp snap denoted a bough torn from its place and whirled to the soaking earth.

I dressed quickly and joined McCausland in the little parlor. He was studying a private copy of the railroad time tables, which as an official he always carried.

"Will you take the horse and ride down to Ammering junction with a message?"

His collected manner assured me. Was this all? A ride through the rain was not much. "Of course, I will go."

He grasped my hand firmly. "Are you nervous?" he said, as he held it in his own steady grasp.

"Nonsense," I replied, laughing; "I'll be ready in five minutes if it's important. Is the horse here?"

I ran up for my waterproofs. When I came down the horse was at the door and McCausland inspecting him.

I mounted. "Now," I said, "for this great message, if you please."

McCausland's tone had something very solemn in it as he replied:

"Tell the station-master at Ammering junction, and any people you see, that the south reservoir will not last three hours. It will burst down the valley, and will destroy the Apps viaduct, and carry away the bridges on the H beedale branch. Stop the traffic, and save the passengers. God bless you; and look to, ride for your life! I will fire the signal-cannon as a warning. Good-bye."

CHAPTER II.

A WILD RIDE.

Mechanically I gathered up the reins, nodded to McCausland, for I was too stupefied to reply in words, and started upon my wild ride. Three hours before and the water would be pouring down the valley through which my course lay. No wonder I had to ride for my life, and perhaps the lives of hundreds of my fellow creatures depended on mine. Ammering junction was some miles away. My route lay through an unknown country, across moorland intersected by flooded streams and swept by the fierce wind and rain.

"I must do it, I thought, as my horse picked his cautious way amid the loose stones down the steep by-road we had ascended the previous day. I should need all my strength, though, to execute my task, so I pressed on. A valuable slice out of my time had been expended when I reached the broad highway and urged my horse to speed. I had to turn off again, I knew, but I fancied I should easily find the path. Beside, was there not a sign-post? Therefore, urged by dreadful tidings, and with the fierce wind and biting rain by turns and all together assailing me, I urged my horse onward. I reached the turning and pulled up to read the direction I should take. I nearly fainted with horror as I read. The fatal finger pointed up the cross road I was pursuing—"To Holmesdale and Seaham." The opposite index pointed—"To Ruddall and Ammering." I could scarce credit my senses. Surely I was right. We had come up the previous day, and up the hill to the reservoirs. I had merely to reverse the route we had traveled. At that moment, if you will believe me, the true state of the case, and my own stupidity, flashed upon me. We had come from Holmesdale; I was now bound for Ammering, which lay at the opposite side.

This was a terrible mistake. It was now past six o'clock. One of the three precious hours had elapsed, and I was further from Ammering than when I started. I was seized with despair. Whatever could I do now? Two hours remained, and I had three up hill miles to ride, and then about seven more across the moor, before I could reach the junction, and before that the trains might have started, and then"—

I burst out into a cold perspiration at the thought, and then, desperate, and only half conscious, I rode madly back to the Ammering road and up the hill again. But the storm fiend was abroad, and had arrayed all his forces against me.

As we gained the more open ground the blast came down with such violence as to stagger us. It tore across the hillside, and hissed among the gorse and swaying grass. The rain came down more determinedly than ever. At length I reached a small cluster of stone cottages, and halted under the lee of the last one to take breath for a fresh struggle over the moor—which lay before me. A straight road lay over it—a good, but crossed at intervals by rapid streams which had overflowed their usual limits, and swelled over their boundaries across the flinty stones which had defied them all the summer long.

The summits of the neighboring hills were shrouded in a veil of mist, but far in advance, on the level, I could trace the railroad line. From the elevation at which I stood, I could trace the channel of the Apps river down the valley, and significant spot at which the flood would strike the railroad, and the branch line over the spur of the hill. I could just distinguish the junction in the middle distance. A dark smoke appeared to be rising from it; an engine perhaps was about to start a train, and I was lingering on the hill. All this, and more, I could perceive as I rested on the summit. Somewhat refreshed, I rode manfully forward into the storm.

How my horse kept his feet I do not to this hour understand. The wind, which had been high before, appeared to have gathered new force while we had halted, and it rushed across the track terrifically. Pebbles were frequently blown across the road, and every pool had its waves, like a miniature sea. Some helpless crows were blown over my head, and a sinister-looking raven skimmed the moor close by, uttering a weird croak which fell upon my ears like a knell, and chilled my blood. I was quite alone, not a human being in sight, but suddenly the whistle of a locomotive was carried to my ears. An engine moved out of the station. Another whistle shortly after rd. The train was safe. The water did not glide away over the viaduct. Five minutes later I rode into the station, and called for the station-master. As I dismounted the clock struck eight. The time was up, and no signal from McCausland. Telegraphing would be easy. A porter came out in response to my summons.

"I'm sorry ye lost the express," he began.

"I don't want the train," I replied, "I must telegraph at once, though. Where is the station-master?"

"He'll be here in a minute. But ye can't telegraph. The wires is blown down. We had to send a 'pilot' with the express to clear the line up to Handleigh."

"Not telegraph! I tell you, man, I must stop the traffic. The South Holmesdale reservoir will burst this very hour."

"Can this be true?" inquired a cool, gentlemanly man at my elbow. It was the station-master himself.

"True!" I echoed. "It's only too true. I have ridden to tell you. We must stop the trains."

"The excursion leaves Handleigh at 8.05," mused the station-master. "There may be time; it's worth the risk."

He crossed the line and entered the shed opposite. I followed. Just then a loud booming sound rent the air. The sound came back from the hills like thunder.

"It is the signal," I exclaimed. "The water is out. Heaven help us now!"

The station-master called out. A cleaner appeared.

"Is that engine ready?"

"Yes, sir, waiting for the excursion."

"Run and open the points. Now, sir, get up."

I obeyed mechanically, and before I quite realized the situation we had crossed to the up line. The station-master stopped to get a red flag and give a few instructions to his subordinate. I now perceived that we were to race the flood. Steam versus water. Which would conquer?

A whistle—we started.

"The flood! the flood!" shouted the porter. We turned one glance up the valley. A moving brown wall, capped with a snowy ridge, was tearing down to the devoted viaduct. No time to lose.

"Go ahead," cried the station-master.

I turned on steam, put the lever over another notch, and the race began in earnest.

We flew along the metals. A few minutes would decide it. We must get to the viaduct and over it first, or the excursion, unwarned, would dash to destruction. A depression in the ground ran beside the railroad for a short distance. We trusted to this to turn the velocity of the approaching water. It was an exciting race, and one never to be forgotten.

On rolled the flood. We were running "neck and neck" for some terrible half minutes. Now the resistless flood bore directly to the bridge. Stones were rolled before it like marbles. Trunks of trees, haystacks, *debris* of every description, came heading down upon the doomed structure. We flew like lightning over the rails. Our speed told now.

Sparks flew from the chimney. Another notch. The beat of the piston quickened to an almost inconceivable rapidity. We were on the bridge. Hurrah! The curling wave beneath seemed to spring forward. It broke against the buttresses. In a second we were across.

I shut off steam, the station-master put down the brake, a tearing, rending sound that was not the brakes—a crash! We looked back. The line dropped behind us like a stage trap. The bridge gave way, and with a roar that was heard two miles off, the pretty viaduct was swept away by the boiling, furious water.

We were truly thankful for our narrow escape.

And now to save the excursion. Speeding forward again, whistling like a demon, our good engine—Vigilant by name—soon came in sight of the excursion train. By waving our red flag we averted another danger—a collision. The telegraph posts being down, trains had to run upon the same line as far as Handleigh, but our timely action set all to rights at last.

We soon gave the bewildered passengers to understand the narrow escape they had had. Fervent and sincere were the thanks we received from all except one man. He was escaping from justice, and was captured. From the elevated embankment we could trace the course of the flood for miles. The train put back to Handleigh, whence the passengers were forwarded by another company.

By the time we had arranged matters and returned to the broken viaduct the water had subsided. The work of destruction was complete, but a "break-down" gang was quickly on the spot. A foot way was constructed across the muddy river-bed, and trains stopped at both sides of the stream, the passengers exchanging from one to the other.

The loss of cattle and farm produce caused by that terrible flood was very great. Had the catastrophe occurred during the night, the loss of human life would have been appalling. As it was, some unfortunate people were drowned, but some had most marvelous escapes. The aspect of the country as I retraced my steps was deplorable—I could scarcely recognize the places I had passed in the morning.

I found McCausland and his staff at the reservoir awaiting me. He wrung my hand fervently and said certain words that I shall not easily forget.

The viaduct was quickly rebuilt, but the station-master at Ammering does not forget the race of steam versus water on the Vigilant locomotive. Nor do I.

A naturalist claims to have discovered that crows, when in flocks, have regularly organized courts, in which they sit around and try offenders—a sort of crow-bar so to speak.

A CITY IN FLAMES.

St. John, N. B., Visited by a Terrible Conflagration—The City Reduced to Ashes and a Number of Lives Lost.

The calamitous fire that visited St. John, N. B., is described as follows:

The fire was discovered in a building on the south side of York Pointslip, next to McLaughlin's boiler shop. To the latter buildings the flames had spread before the firemen had reached the scene. The engines arrived and did their best to stop the flames, but all efforts were in vain. Nothing could be done. The flames then spread to the various buildings on Have's wharf, which were also quickly consumed, and before the fire could be checked it broke out with a roar into Smith street, carrying everything before it. From there the flames spread into Drury lane and Mill street, following that into Dock street, taking both sides. Before this, however, the rear of the London House and adjacent buildings had been attacked, when it was seen that the first fire would inevitably sweep along either Dock or Mill street. Aid came from Portland in the shape of the town engine and firemen. The tinder-boxes on fire, aided by the wind, proved a combination too much for the gallant workers, and almost in despair they saw the flames advance upon them, not slowly, but with a rapidity that appalled the stoutest hearts. The buildings were a mass of flame at the end of Smith street and Drury lane; and while the workers were vainly endeavoring to have the fire end there, a momentary gale took the flames across Union street to the opposite houses, and then they receded; but their touch had been fatal, and in less than five minutes these buildings were doomed to destruction. Both sides of the street were soon in the grasp of the consuming element, and the men were obliged to drop their branch pipes and run up the street, after which they dragged the hose after them. Another body of men were working at the foot of Union street, and by placing boards in front of their faces managed to battle with the flames until their clothing became singed.

Proceeding along Smith street in a southerly direction, the fire soon reached Nelson street, then Robertson's place, then extended to Robertson's wharf, and then up the South wharf. As it gained Nelson street on the south, it there met the flames coming up that street, and the combination made a terrific heat that could not be borne. Allied with the strong wind from the northwest, it did not take long for the entire wharf to be in a blaze. Half a dozen wood boats were at the head of Market slip, and at the end of the wharves there were about the same number of schooners. Before the fire had assumed a formidable shape on the North wharf the men on vessels began to pour pails of water on the decks. The water was low just then, and something like this was necessary to extinguish the sparks that were continually showering down on them. Those at the head of the slip were in a quarter of an hour on fire in so many places that it was impossible for each outbreak to receive attention before the vessels were well on fire. The flames caught their masts, and these afforded a stepping stone to the shops on South wharf. Not one of those west of Ward street was capable of withstanding the intense heat and sparks, all being of wood, and they went down as if felled by a hurricane. The schooners in front having been hauled out to a place of safety, many of the occupants of the stores were off helping their unfortunate brother merchants, and some arrived just in time to save their books. Others were just enabled to witness the destruction of all their stock. Some of the embers lodged in the steeple of Trinity church, Germain street, and with nothing to save it, the fire being so high as to be almost beyond reach, the fire was left to pursue its own way.

As the news spread that some wooden houses in Horsefield street, as well as others on Duke street, near the Victoria Hotel, were on fire, thousands were alarmed, as it was soon seen that the fire was spreading north, south, east and west to Germain, Charlotte, Duke and Horsefield streets, with not an engine to be had and everything going down before the unrelenting flames. A building on Charlotte street, had hardly become a prey to the flames, when others on each side followed, and in half an hour all except the Germain street side of the square was in ashes. The Victoria Hotel and St. Andrew's church were in great danger, and the hotel guests, as well as the employees, began to make preparations for seeking new quarters. Very little time was given them to collect their valuables, and in the majority of cases they had to leave with scanty wardrobes. About the same time St. Andrew's church took fire, and it did not stand long. Adjoining the church was a two-story brick building, occupied as a tailor shop in the lower story and by the Beacon, Pioneer, and Siloam lodges of Odd Fellows, as well as Millicets Encampment of that order on the upper flat, which was destroyed; prior to which, however, the members managed to enter the building and save most of the regalia and paraphernalia. The buildings at the southern corner of Dock and Union streets and on the opposite corner caught almost simultaneously.

At an early hour the Western Union Telegraph Company's office was burned and its valuable batteries and apparatus destroyed. A great quantity of the goods saved fell into the hands of thieves, who hung around like vultures, eager to avail themselves of any opportunity that afforded to carry off what they could lay their hands on. The ballast wharf was covered most of the night with thousands of people anxious to escape by water, as were also the railway track and the ground around the track between the ballast wharf and Courtenay bay. The following newspaper offices with their "plant" and stock were completely swept away: *The Freeman, The Evening Globe, The Daily Telegraph, The Daily News, The Watchman* and *The Religious Intelligencer*. The entire business portion of the city was destroyed. Not a leading establishment escaped. All the principal dry goods stores, the leading groceries, all the ship brokers, commission merchants, all in the business of wholesale liquors, coal, flour, provisions, salt, lumber, tea, West India goods, etc., were utterly wiped out. Forty odd blocks, or nearly two hundred acres south of King street, have not six buildings remaining. Every street, square and alley was filled with furniture, and thousands of people were without food or shelter. The International Company's steamer New York sheltered and fed 1,000 persons, and the vessels in the stream had large numbers of people on board. Thousands had to get away from the lower part of the city by boats. A number of lives were lo t, and it was believed the destruction of property would amount to fifteen million dollars.

THE SEVEN WONDERS.—The seven wonders of the world in ancient times were reckoned to be the Pyramids of Egypt, the Hanging Gardens of Semiramis at Babylon, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Statue of Jupiter at Athens by Phidias, the Mausoleum, the Colossus at Rhodes, and the Pharos of Alexandria. This cycle of seven wonders originated among the Greeks after the time of Alexander the Great.

Among the graduates at West Point this year is Cadet Flipper, the first colored graduate from the institution.

A DETROIT MONKEY.

How He Gets Involved with a Ball of Pitch.

That poor Mrs. Nicholo, who has been grinding a hand organ around the soldiers' monument for the last year, had got to believe that she owned the sole right to play "Captain Jinks" and "Growing Old" in this town. The other day along came a double-fisted, heavy-weighted, big-voiced Italian who had a bran new organ and a heap of fresh tunes. She ground and he ground, and he wasn't half an hour beating her into the middle of last week. She realized that he was taking in all the cash while she was receiving all the pity and she put her little organ on its little cart and drew it home. Something must be done to recover her lost prestige and a share of the public curreney, and she sent to Toronto for a monkey to make faces at the public and hand around the tin cup. A monkey would offset the new organ, and the monkey's antics would offset the Italian, and he'd have to pack up.

Poor Mrs. Nicholo came out yesterday morning with the monkey for the first time, and it wasn't ten minutes before her fond dreams were being realized. Boys and girls and adults gathered around, her sagacity was applauded, and big coppers and little pennies and bogus nickels darkened the air as they flew to her cup. The boys soon discovered that the monkey was fond of anything and everything except old iron kettles and rusty joints of stovepipe, and they bought him candy, peanuts, apples and other appetizing diet. In the midst of the era of good feeling a young fiend came down Monroe avenue. He was about twelve years old, and in his hand he carried a big ball of pitch, which he had taken from a barrel where a roofer was at work. The crowd drew him to the monkey, and, as he saw the little beast devouring whatever was thrown it, he conceived a wicked plot. Waiting his chance he tossed the ball of pitch at young Darwin, and in half a second the monkey was trying to swallow it. It was a big mouthful, and no Turk ever grabbed at the beast by the tail and held him up and thumped him around. The old folks fell back, the boys yelled and innocent children shed tears of heartfelt sympathy.

"Water!" cried a man.

"Camphor!" shrieked a woman.

"Police!" howled a peanut boy.

And the monkey spit and gurgled and gulped and pawed and contorted till he was all tied up and his owner turned pale and shouted and cried and gesticulated, and the big Italian with the new organ smiled complacently, and remarked that Providence always had a care for the fatherless and the destitute. That monkey may have swallowed that pitch ere this, but he hadn't got it half-way down when poor Mrs. Nicholo grabbed him and made a run for home, leaving the organ unwatched on the street.

What the moral lesson will be no one can tell. She will either beware of monkeys, or that monkey will beware of boys, or boys will beware of pitch. You can take your choice, while the monkey will in future prefer strawberries.—*Detroit Free Press.*

That Barrel of Salt.

One of the firm who run a commission house on Woodbridge street is a man of muscle. He can lift a barrel of flour as easily as a common man lifts a bag of oats, and it scarcely makes his ears grow red as he heaves a barrel of salt into a farmer's wagon. For weeks past he has been boasting of his strength of muscle, and wanting to see something he couldn't lift, and the boys around the store got their heads together the other day. They took a salt barrel and filled it with broken pig-iron, old weights and other things, put two inches of salt at either end, and rolled it to the curbstone; and at a favorable hour a dray backed up in the most innocent manner and an order from a grocer for a barrel of salt was handed out. The drayman and two of the boys fooled around the barrel so long that the strong man got out of his chair in disgust, threw off his coat and said:

"You fellows had better get porous plasters for your backs. Get out of the way and give me a chance!"

He seized the barrel by the chimes and lifted away. It didn't move. He gritted his teeth and laid out to pull the hoops right off. The hoops stayed right there. So did the barrel.

"It takes four good men to lift one o' them barrels," said the drayman.

"Nonsense! I've lifted a score of them, and I'll pick this up or break my back. I guess the salt must be wet."

He got in position, drew a long breath, and then lifted till his eyes looked like two towels left out on the clothes-line in a dark night. The barrel didn't lift. Pig-iron was too much for muscle, and the lifter sat down on the walk. His back used to be plumb up and down, but it hasn't been since that life. His eyes are getting back to their original positions, and the red is leaving the back of his neck, and he sees two men handle a bag of dried apples or a bushel of beans without a word of comment.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Couldn't Lie for that Money."

A story is told of a young Waterville, Me., lawyer, who was of convival turn, who had in his hands a number of unsettled accounts against an old farmer in the vicinity, who never paid any debts until he was sued, and then only after loud onteries against the lawyers for "grinding the faces of the poor." One day he came in to settle a bill, when the lawyer offered to discount him a dollar and a half if he would go into the street, mingle with all the groups of people whom he might meet and lead the conversation up to a point where he could incidentally remark that he (the lawyer) was a sharp and worthy fellow. The old man wanted the money, but finally he said impressively: "Squire! I'm a very old man and have done many wicked things in my life; but with my views of eternity I can't lie like that for money." The dollar and a half was discounted without extorting any recompense therefor.

One Woman Not Afraid of a Rat.

There is a wide-spread belief, amounting almost to a certainty, that when a woman sees a mouse she will utter a piercing shriek and either faint or mount the nearest chair. A woman in Sacramento, Cal., is endeavoring to lead public opinion in an opposite direction. She sweeps out the Mechanic's Exchange Hotel. She saw a rat. She saw him, went him one better, and sallied after the rodent in real earnest. Out the door he went, with the broom-stick tapping the pavement close behind him. Reaching the street, he dodged into a hole under the sidewalk on the other side of the alley, and lookers-on thought the sport was ended. Not so, however; the plucky woman ran her bare arm into the hole and drew the rat forth in triumph, and dashed him forcibly to the ground before he had a chance to turn and bite. Here she deliberately dispatched him with the broom-stick.

DEATH OF A HEADSMAN.

Hans Friech, a Quiet Dweller in Paris, Identified as the Prussian Samson.

An old man died at the age of eighty a few days ago in the dreary street of Chatean-Landon, Paris, who for some years had dwelt there absolutely alone and unknown. He was stout, solidly built, not talkative but good humored and friendly. He was known to be a Berliner by birth, but he did not care to talk about himself, and his early history was shrouded with mystery. Hans Friech was the name by which he passed among his neighbors. He only went out of evenings, and then but for a short time, exchanging a few shakes of the hand with acquaintances. When he heard a German voice he turned away or crossed the street to avoid its owner. He never read the papers and received letters but rarely, yet he busied himself most of the time writing—what he refused to say. He had no visitors, paid his rent punctually, rose and retired early, and lived well. In fine he was a perfect type of a small bourgeois retired from business and living on his income. To women he was always polite, to children more than kind. Not until his death did the fact become public that Hans Friech had been the headsman of Berlin.

Headsman in the true significance of the word, not a mere mechanic puller of cords and toucher of springs, like Sanson or Roch, for during the period he executed the *hautes œuvres* of the Prussian capital, ending in 1840, the ax and not the guillotine was employed for the decapitation of criminals. Hans Freich was an artist, for not only could he remove his subject's head at a single blow, but he knew and respected that subject's rights and preferences. He did not affect the Gothic masquerade of black doublet and red hose; he wore long black silk stockings, short close-fitting pantaloons of black velvet, a black coat and black gloves. He would not touch the handle of his ax with his bare palm; not all the gold in Prussia could have induced him to such a flagrant breach of scaffold etiquette.

Nevertheless, the Berliners insisted on overlooking the fact that he wore gloves and saw the blood upon his hands. Friech had no friends and few many acquaintances. People all knew him, and shrank from him. To enable him to leave the hateful town he worked busily till he had filled one of his long black silk stockings with crown-pieces, and on counting them found that he had enough money to assure his comfort for the remainder of his life. That very day he resigned his office and set out for Paris, where he found quiet and unconcern, where the children did not point him out with tiny fingers to each other, or the women who came upon him shrink back in speechless horror. So quiet was he indeed that he became homesick for the scaffold and set himself to write his memoirs. His identity and the nature of the work with which he had occupied his declining days only came out after his death.

Words of Wisdom.

No man should be a judge in his own cause.

To a man full of questions, make no answer.

What men are deficient in reason, they usually make up in rage.

Life is a duty, and one ought to desire its preservation. Willfully to let it decay would be a sin.

Solon being asked why, among his laws, there was not one against personal affronts, answered that he could not believe the world so fantastical as to regard them.

Whoever sincerely endeavors to do all the good he can, will probably do much more than he imagines, or will ever know to the day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be made manifest.

Honor and justice, reason and equity, go a great way in procuring prosperity to those who use them; and, in case of failure, they secure the best retreat and the most honorable consolation.

Let those who are appointed to judge of the character of others bear in mind their own imperfections, and rather strive by sympathy to soften the pang arising from a conviction of guilt, than by misrepresentation to increase it.

The skill should be, so to order the time of recreation that it may relax, and refresh the part that has been exercised and is tired, and yet do something which, besides the present delight and ease, may produce what will afterwards be profitable.

A passionate temper renders a man unfit for advice, deprives him of his reason, robs him of all that is great and noble in his nature, makes him unfit for conversation, destroys friendship, changes justice into cruelty, and turns all order into confusion.

The fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his proud disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.

The governor may be deceived; he beareth the sword, and may strike with it improperly. But for, to remedy an occasional inconvenience of this sort, you dissolve government, what will be the consequence? More mischief will be done by the people, thus let loose, in a month, than would be done by the government in half a century.

A Woodchuck's Adopted Bairns.

A few weeks since Mr. George S. Redington, proprietor of the Delaware House, in this village, placed under a sitting hen ten eggs of the Hamburgh pheasant variety and a duck's egg. In due course of time the eggs were hatched, but it was reserved for the duck to be last in emerging from the shell. The hen with a critical eye, it may be, wondered at the appearance of such a strange-looking biped among the brood, and becoming thoroughly disgusted at the result of her incubatory labors, turned a deaf ear, and refused to care for her progeny.

While wandering about the grounds in the rear of the hotel, the little chicks, accompanied by the duckling, found their way through the gates into a cage containing a pair of woodchucks. Neither offered to molest the tiny strangers, but on the contrary the female took to the friendless ones kindly, and that night the little fledglings nestled beneath the soft fur of the motherly woodchuck, with the solitary duckling crouched close alongside.

This system was kept until they had grown too large to squeeze into the cage. Now, when nightfall arrives, they are allowed to pass through the cage door, by the side of which they anxiously wait until some one comes to admit them, and are always welcomed with manifestations of delight by the "kind old soul," who, cuddled up in a corner, coaxes them to her side; and soon ten tiny heads peep out from under her soft coat, while the duck sentinel-like, perches on her back with an air of pride.

The above narration may be relied upon as being true in each and every particular.—*Port Jervis Gazette.*

Poor woman need not feel badly if she cannot throw a brick at a hen or sharpen a pencil. There are few tricks more consumate in skill and dexterity than the way in which she rescues her trail from the mud with one hand.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Recipes.

BEEF HASH.—Use stale bread soaked in milk or water; season with butter, pepper and salt and a little onion chopped fine. Make into cakes and fry a light brown.

BEEF TEA.—Cut up nice lean beef in small pieces, put in a small sauce pan or pail with tight-fitting cover. Set this into a pan of boiling water and cook till the juice of the meat is all extracted; then season to the taste.

KISSES.—Beat three fresh eggs to a stiff froth and stir in five spoonfuls finest powdered sugar; flavor with lemon. Butter a pan and lay in white paper; drop the mixture on it in cakes of a teaspoonful each. Sift sugar over and bake in a slow oven for half an hour.

MUFFINS.—Beat two eggs with one-half cup of sugar, one generous tablespoonful of butter and a little salt; add one and a half cups of sweet milk, and three cups of flour in which is sifted three teaspoonfuls of good baking powder. Beat well and bake in buttered muffin-tins.

CHOCOLATE ICE-CREAM.—One quart of cream, one pint of new milk, one pound of sugar, two well beaten eggs, five tablespoonfuls grated chocolate rubbed smooth in a little milk, flavor to taste; heat the milk almost to boiling, pour it by degrees in with the beaten egg and sugar, and freeze.

APPLE-EGGS.—Pare and core a convenient number of apples, leaving them whole; fill with sugar, and pour over water; then place in oven; when nicely baked take eggs, prepared as for omelette, pour in and over the apples, and return to oven for about ten minutes; grate over them nutmeg, and serve hot.

MOLASSES FRUIT CAKE.—Two and one-fourth pounds flour, one and one-fourth pounds butter, one pound sugar, six eggs, one cupful milk, two pounds raisins, one pound currants, one-half pound citron, two teaspoonfuls cinnamon, two teaspoonfuls cloves, one teaspoonful ginger, one teaspoonful mace, one nutmeg, one pint molasses, one teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar.

HOMINY CROQUETTES.—To every cupful of cold, boiled, fine hominy add a tablespoonful of melted butter; mix well together; add slowly a little milk; then beat all to a paste; at the last one tablespoonful of white sugar and one beaten egg; flour your hands, and roll the hominy into balls; dip into beaten egg, then fine cracker crumbs; fry in hot butter, and serve with currant jelly.

POTATO CAKES.—Boil some white potatoes, mash them very fine, adding salt, butter and milk as if used as a vegetable; then mold them in sufficient sifted flour to make them into a soft dough; roll them out on the paste-board about an inch thick; cut in small square cakes and fry on a griddle with equal parts of lard and butter; cook slowly turning but once. They are nice for breakfast, or an ordinary lunch.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Boil one bushel of tomatoes until soft; squeeze them through a sieve; add half a gallon of vinegar, one pint of salt, two ounces of cloves, quarter ounce of allspice, two ounces of cayenne pepper, three tablespoonfuls black pepper; mix these together, and boil not less than three hours; pour in a jar or keg till cool, then bottle; it will keep well; the cloves and allspice put in whole; when boiled strain through a colander.

RICE CROQUETTES.—Take half a cupful of rice; let it soak two or three hours in warm water enough to cover it; then drain it dry; add one pint of milk; cook this in one pan set into another of hot water until the rice is soft; then add one tablespoonful of sugar, one of butter, and a little salt; let it cook slowly for a few moments; beat well two eggs, remove the rice from the fire, and slowly add the eggs; turn it out to cool; when cold, flour your hands, roll the rice into balls, punch a hole half-way through with your finger, fill it up with jelly; then cover up the opening with the rice; dip it into beaten egg, then in cracker crumbs, and fry in hot butter.

CALF'S HEAD CHEESE.—Procure a prepared head and put in warm water sufficient to entirely cover it; if any part is out of the water it will become discolored; put in with it one carrot, four onions, half a pound of sweet salt pork, six cloves, a bunch of parsley, a teaspoonful summer savory, and three bay leaves, and one lemon; boil until the meat leaves the bones, when skim out and mince fine with the salt pork; taste, and if not salt enough add a little, and any other spice; place in a strong bag that has been wrung out of boiling water, tie tightly and place a moderately heavy weight on it; when cold cut in slices for lunch or breakfast; the broth is nice strained and used as soup.

VEAL SOUP (excellent).—A vessel used for making soup should never be taken and mice from their cow stalls and piggeries since the adoption of this simple plan: A mixture of two parts of well-bruised common squills and three parts of finely-chopped bacon is made into a stiff mass, with as much meal as may be required, and then baked into small cakes, which are put down for the rats to eat.

The carrot crop is rendered useless in many gardens by grubs eating into the roots. This takes place in many well-managed gardens. The best remedy that I have tried was to scatter a quantity of soot and lime over the surface of the ground before forking it over for the carrots. This works it into the ground, and keeps the soil free from all sorts of grubs for the whole season. The next best way is to sow the lime and soot between the rows and hoe it into the ground.

As early as the middle of June, sometimes before, we have practiced opening the hay harvest, and find when feeding that the earliest cut is preferred to the later by all the stock.

Seed Selection.

Major Hallett, in the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, says: "Very close observation during many years has led me to the discovery that the variations in the cereals which nature presents to us are not only hereditary, but that they proceed upon a fixed principle, and from them I have deduced the following law of development of cereals: 1. Every fully developed plant, whether of wheat, oats or barley, presents an ear superior in productive power to any of the rest on that plant. 2. Every such plant contains one grain, which, upon trial, proves more productive than any other. 3. The best grain in a given plant is found in its head ear. 4. The superior vigor of this grain is transmissible in different degrees to its progeny. 5. By repeated careful selection the superiority is accumulated. 6. The improvement, which is at first rapid, gradually, after a long series of years, is diminished in amount, and eventually so far arrested that, practically speaking, a limit to improvement in the desired quality is reached. 7. By still continuing to select the improvement is maintained, and practically a fixed type is the result."

Small Fruits in Gardens.

But few people seem to know the value of small fruits to a family, when grown in their own gardens. You commence with strawberries; they continue about a month. You pick, perhaps, from six to twelve quarts a day. You have them on your table as a dessert, if you please at noon, and your tea table is loaded with them at evening, and you want little else but your bread and butter. Your family consume, in one way or another, about eight quarts a day, and while they last no medicines for bodily ailments are required, as a quart of strawberries daily will generally dispel all ordinary diseases out settled permanently in the system. After strawberries, raspberries come to continue about three weeks; then we have blackberries where the climate is not too cold for cultivated varieties; then the currants ripen, which remain until the early grapes mature; and taking the season through any family with half an acre of land in a garden can grow small fruits that make country life delightful, and at the same time hundreds of dollars can be saved in the supply of the table.—*Chautauqua Farmer.*

Combinations of Fodder and Grain.

As the object of every farmer should be to push his young stock forward as fast as the best food, in proper quantity, will do it, he must not be content with a ration of fodder which they will eat, but one that will furnish them the nutriment required for rapid growth. While he should scrupulously require his animals to utilize everything raised on the farm, let him combine the less nutritious with the more nutritious, so that everything shall count the most in growth, and therefore in profit. If a farmer has but little straw, two quarts

The Centre Reporter.

FRED. KURTZ.....EDITOR.

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CENTRE HALL, Pa., July 19, 1877.

Last week's Bellefonte Republican contains a call for a meeting of the Republican Executive Committee of Centre county, which is signed only by D. H. Hastings, Sec'y. As postmaster Johnston was chairman, and his name does not appear, we suppose he resigned in obedience to orders from Washington requiring all federal office holders to keep hands out of conventions and off of political wires. How loyal Mr. Johnston is to the powers that be, even to the extent of letting his party go to Styx rather than loose his head.

The prosecution of Wells and the other Louisiana scamps who committed fraud and perjury to steal the electors from Tilden, has caused great uneasiness at the White House. Hayes sees that a conviction of these men too plainly lays bare the rascality by which he obtained the presidency. A late Washington despatch says:

The criminal proceedings against the members of the Lonisiana Returning Board at New Orleans has caused a panic at the White House. Hayes is greatly alarmed, and his Cabinet are equally frightened. The letter of Wells to the President was a pathetic appeal for help in this the hour of his supreme peril, and in it the old man insinuated that he would not be sacrificed as Packard had been. The report of George A. Sheridan, who came here post haste from New Orleans to inform the President of the actual situation there, added new dangers to the already threatening catastrophe. The Cabinet had determined that there was nothing possible to be done by the President save to appeal to Nicholls to keep the faith which it is asserted, he pledged to the Presidential commission; but Sheridan reports that Nicholls is powerless, even if he was inclined to interfere. The prosecuting officers, from the Attorney-General down, are in dead earnest, and have already filed an information against Wells, Anderson, Kenner, and Casenave. The Grand Jury is certain to indict, and back of the Attorney-General, District Attorney, and Grand Jury stands the powerful "White League," which will brook no interference by Nicholls. The court is in thorough sympathy with the people, and while Judge Whittaker is admitted to be an eminently fair and impartial officer, still he will not suffer the Executive power to exert the slightest influence upon the course of justice. It will be remembered that last winter, before Congress adjourned, and shortly after the Nicholls party obtained possession of the courts, Judge Whittaker, in his charge to the Grand Jury, called particular attention to the Returning Board, and suggested that an inquiry into the conduct of the members of that body would be a proper subject for the Grand Inquest of the parish to look into.

The President was so alarmed at the report of Sheridan that he requested ex-Gov. Brown of Tennessee, who was in Philadelphia to come here and at the same time Wayne MacVeagh was summoned. Brown got here night before last, and said to a friend yesterday that MacVeagh was to be here last evening. If MacVeagh did come he went direct to the Soldier's Home, where the President is staying, for he was not at any of the hotels. He usually stops at Wormley's, and in answer to inquiry there for Mr. MacVeagh this evening, the clerk said that he was expected last night, but did not come. A gentleman who has the means of knowing what goes on at the White House, writes me the following note this evening:

I know that ex-Gov. John C. Brown of Tennessee. Wayne MacVeagh, and Gen. Joseph R. Hawley were summoned here by the President to confer with him about the prosecution of the members of the Returning Board. Brown got here last night and Hawley is expected to-morrow. I know that the President is more exercised over this matter than he has been on account of anything that has happened since he has been in the White House.

One of the plans for stopping the prosecution of Wells, Anderson, Kenner, and Casenave is to get Senators Gordon and Lamar to join in an effort to settle the matter. The near friends of the President charge that the "emissaries of Tilden" have started the prosecution of the Returning Board, and that these criminal proceedings are only the forerunners of more formidable proceedings to be instituted as soon as Congress meets. They also say that Packard is in the conspiracy, and left New Orleans after all the proceedings had been concerted, so as to appear to have no connection with them.

THE COUNTRY WE HAVE.

What a mighty country we have and how much more we may yet be in 100 years reflection will teach as we cast our eye from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the great lakes to the Gulf, behold and an extent of comparatively empty domain large as all Europe. And when we once have as many inhabitants to the square mile as Europe we will have a population of over 300,000,000. The territory West of the Mississippi alone is large enough to maintain a population of several hundred millions. The *Age of* Steel speaking of that section says: West of the Mississippi and to the South-West extending to the canyons of the Colorado, there is a broad savannah of a million square miles of new, fertile, and but partly occupied land, towards which the moving population of the world, and the restless enterprise of the nation is directed. A growing power to one day hold the destinies of this great nation as in a palm. It is no exaggeration to say that a million beings are annually crossing the Father of Waters to make a home in this fertile region, and that its population is increasing at that rate at this time.

This is the great outlet for idle people, of the surplus capital, the machinery, manufactures, and surplus products of the looms and shops of the East. Any one observing the steady tide swelling Westward with their loaded baggage-trains daily crowding the highways, will not wonder at the incressing demand for implements, manufactures and necessaries, and the increasing supply of products seeking an outlet by our railroads. Hard times always move an increased army of pioneers to the new country, where a farm may be had for the occupancy, and gold and silver for the digging.

Where was the wilderness, the Great American Desert, the hand of toil has touched as with a magic wand and broad acres of grain and corn and cattle-covered pastures spread away beyond view. The desert blossoms as the rose. While St. Louis received from the West but 6,000,000 bushels of wheat in 1876 she received 8,000,000 bushels. While she received but 4,700,000 bushels of corn in 1870, she in 1876 received 15,000,000 bushels. While she shipped but 500,000 tons of freight Westward in 1870, she in 1876 shipped 750,000 tons. The cotton coming from Texas in 1870 was but 18,000 bales, in 1876 245,000 bales.

The lead mined in Missouri in 1870 was 237,000 pigs, and in 1876 665,000 pigs. So with every article which is produced or consumed by these new people. The saw mills, flour mills, woolen and cotton mills, foundries and machine shops, wagon shops and blacksmith's shops, and the hardware and grocery stores are increasing and extending as if by magic.

The man riding through the Neosho Valley, the Arkansas Valley, or by the St. Louis and San Francisco and the Iron Mountain roads, will be astonished to see villages, hotels, shops and manufacturing, where a year ago there were but the crossroads.

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

The result of the French Parliamentary elections will be awaited with intense interest by all friends of Republicanism, both in this country and in Europe. That this appeal to the French people will be favorable to the republic, past events clearly portend; and the confidence with which the Republicans look forward to the approaching struggle is not all assumed, as a glance at the election returns since 1871 shows.

In the first Assembly after the war of 1870 there were only 180 Republicans to 362 anti-Republicans. But forwith the movement in favor of Republicanism began to set in, a movement which has as yet received no important check. In July, 1871, 122 vacant seats were filled, 99 by Republican Deputies and only 23 by anti-Republican Deputies. Among the former, 46 were Radicals, with Gambetta returned by three constituencies. Partial elections to fill other vacancies occurred at different times until February, 1875, in which the Republicans got 53 seats and their opponents but 15. On Feb. 20, 1876, was held the second general election since the war, when the Assembly recently dissolved by MacMahon was chosen. This time the Republicans carried of 349 seats, while their opponents secured but 152. In sixty departments all or a majority of the Deputies elected were Republicans, and in twenty-nine departments one-half or less of the successful candidates belonged to the same party. In the general elections of 1871 there were departments from which not one Republican Deputy was returned. The contrast is striking. If we turn to the total vote of France at the last general elections, there is found the same favorable showing for the republic. Of the 7,210,097 votes cast, 4,001,265 were for Republicans. In the city of Paris the Republican party polled 216,485 votes, against 58,344 Monarchical and Bonapartist votes.

The foregoing facts show a rapid and overwhelming gain for the republic in the National Assembly and among the French people; and we may expect in September another endorsement of the republic more decisive than any previous one. So says the Sun.

A CHASE AFTER HORSE THIEVES.

If all horse thieves were chased as some were a few days ago in Clearfield county, these vermin would become scarce. The Republican of 11 says: that for several days previous to the night of the 28th of June, a number of tramps were noticed hovering in and around this borough. On the morning of the 29th, Judge Clyder was short a set of harness, and Samuel Irwin, a neighbor, (both residing in Lawrence township, about three and a half miles north of this borough) was minus a horse and buggy. Hence it was pretty well settled that there was a case of horse stealing on hand, and Mr. Irwin and two other gentlemen soon hitched up a team and set out to overhaul the thief, or thieves. By the tracks of the horse and buggy, it was pretty plain that the thieves were moving down through Frenchville, and pursuit was made as rapidly as possible. But Mr. Irwin, finding that he could not overtake the runaways, telegraphed to Westport, upon reaching the railroad at the mouth of the Sinnemahoning. In this way the thieves were headed off between Westport and Renova, and when ordered to halt, one man jumped from the buggy and started for the woods, and on refusing to halt, one of the pursuers, discharged a pistol at him, the ball taking effect in the arm, which caused the fellow to twirl around three or four times like a top, and then he begged for quarters. While this was going on, the other fellow leaped from the buggy, too, and plunged into the river, and while making for the "other shore," the captors fired several shots at the swimmer, one ball passing through his hat, peeling the hair off the top of his scalp. The firing and noise attracted the attention of parties on the opposite side of the river, who, upon learning that the fellow in the water was a horse thief, commenced stoning him, pelting him right smartly. Mr. Thief, discovering that his reception would evidently be rather warm "over there," turned and commenced swimming down stream. The captors then also commenced flinging stones at him, and when he found the pebbles lighting on him from both shores, and the water getting deeper, and supposing that there would be no "let up" in the flinging of stones, he begged for quarters and turned for the shore from which he started. And after reaching the dry land again, he made an attempt to escape by running into a thicket of bushes, into which the capturing party hurled the stones by the handful. This soon extracted the yell of "murder" out of the fellow in the brush, and upon surrendering, he was secured and handcuffed to his confederate, and the next day lodged in our prison.

"Am I a peer or a vassal," asked Returning Board Wells when he was before the investigating committee last winter. We think that he will soon be a *peep* through penitentiary bars.

Mr. Hayes must understand that the only bargain he can make to be President is with the people of the United States, and not with Returning Boards.

Hayes says the prosecution of Wells, Cassenave and the other two returning board knaves is a violation of an agreement:

1st. Then Hayes admits he was not fairly elected and had to have an agreement to count him in.

2. There can be no binding agreement in such a matter, and no agreement has moral or legal force, by which Hayes and his friends can bargain with a set of rascals in Louisiana that the rest of the United States shall be cheated or counted out of their choice for President.

3. If there was such a bargain, then Hayes and the Returning Board and all concerned in it are conspirators who should be tried and punished for their crime against the nation.

4. If Hayes was honestly elected why does he say there was a bargain, and where was there necessity for a bargain?

It is reported at Washington that Don Cameron will have a resolution passed by the rad state convention denouncing Hayes' southern policy. Only four counties in the state have passed resolutions endorsing Hayes.

The Mormon massacres, like the presidential theft, will not keep hushed up, and old Brigham may yet be brought to justice. The Mountain Meadow massacre will cry for justice as long as one of the guilty wretches may be reached. It is reported from Springfield, Ill., that Capt. John Tobin, formerly a resident of California, late of St. Louis and still later of Springfield, will be one of District-Attorney Howard's principle witnesses to prove Brigham Young's personal connection with the massacre of the Gentiles. His name is mentioned in Lee's confession. He tells a long story, which is in substance that, having gained the confidence of Young by aiding Mormon emigrants, he was appointed instructor of the Territorial militia, which position he resigned because the cavalry was used as avengers. Subsequently he was dertook to guide a party of three strong out-spoken anti-Mormons to California, but the party was overtaken by a band of mounted Mormons, led by Brigham Young, jr., and was compelled to stop, under the pretense that they were going to California to misrepresent Mormonism. They finally proceeded, but were continually dogged by Mormons, who, at length fired upon them as they were encamping at night. The party were left for dead, and the Mormons, taking their horses, rode away. Sixty hours afterwards, the United States mail wagon, and a party enroute to San Bernardino, took them up: but two of their number died soon after. Tobin received a shot in the right eye which made him nearly blind. He claims to have important documentary evidence of plottings against the Government and the Gentiles on the part of Brigham Young.

THE LOUISIANA RASCALS.

The Louisiana Returning Boarders feel themselves in hot water just now and should be where it is much hotter yet. A crime like theirs against 40 millions of people should be punishable with death—every one of them, Wells, Kenner, Casenave and the other knave, Anderson, should be shot. Fine and imprisonment are too easy for men who will falsify returns, swear to it, and commit forgery in order to defeat the will of a majority of the people in chosing a President.

Further advices from New Orleans to the New York Herald are as follows:

The excitement relative to the indicted members of the Returning Board still continues. Pitkin having stated that the Grand Jury which found the bill was entirely Democratic, Foreman O'Brien states that there were only four Democratic members out of sixteen; of the other twelve four were negroes and the other conservative and liberals. He also states that the action was taken entirely on their own volition, and no prominent politicians appeared before the jury until summoned as witnesses. Among these were Green, the ex-Secretary of the Board; Blanchard, the ex-State Register of Voters, and several registers and clerks who had been connected with the manipulation. He also states that there is plenty of testimony, not only from witnesses but from documentary evidence, etc., to convict the Returning Board not only of fraud but of perjury, and of altering public documents, each of which are penitentiary offenses. This testimony is also stated to be very damaging to other prominent persons outside of the State.

Governor Nicholls states that he is very sorry any action has been taken, but still adheres to the determination of pardoning them if convicted.

The Vernon parish returns upon which the indictment was found, and which bear undoubted evidence of having been tampered with, are in possession of the Court and will be kept as evidence. These are the returns also which, it is stated, the 'visiting statesmen' advised on.

Foreman O'Brien, of the Grand Jury, says that the indictments were not found upon political grounds, but upon evident violations of law which they were bound to notice, and though the matter may be laughed at by Northern politicians, full proof will be had to sustain, not only these indictments, but others in higher quarters.

VIEW OF A LOUISIANA DEMOCRAT.

A Washington special to the N. Y. Evening Post says: A prominent Louisiana Democrat writes here from New Orleans that Gov. Nicholls has endeavored privately to stop the prosecution of members of the Returning Board, but that he has been met with the threat that, if he attempts to defeat the efforts to secure the conviction of Wells and Anderson and others, or if they are convicted and he interposes an executive pardon, that he will be impeached by the Legislature.

The tone of the letter indicates unmistakably that the movement against the Returning Board was not an impulsive act of local politicians, but in pursuance of a well defined plan of leading northern Democrats.

The circuit court in Elkhart, Indiana, has recently had before it an appealed case involving the award of $100 bet on the late presidential election. The verdict was in favor of the man who bet on Tilden, and it is said that this is the third case of the kind that has occurred in the United States each one resulting the same as this one did.

The $300,000 diamond necklace that the Khedive gave Miss Sherman, now Mrs. Fitch, is in the vaults of the National Treasury Department, because General Sherman says "he ain't got money to pay State or city tax on it, and Fitch is only a lieutenant in the navy." Congress remitted the duty, but Miss Minnie has never been able to enjoy the wearing of them.

A correspondent of The London News while riding toward the headquarters of the Turkish army on the Soughanlu range, suddenly felt his horse sinking beneath him, and in another instant he was enveloped in a cloud of dust and splinters. He had fallen through the roof of a house into an apartment where a family was breakfasting. An Armenian village from a distance resembles the heaps of refuse one sees around iron smelting works. Here and there a couple of feet of dry stone wall and a cave-like entrance suggest the possibility of the existence of human dwellings. Between these dwellings the spaces are carpeted with an elastic layer of dung offal five or six feet thick. Huge ungainly buffaloes, with bodies like bisons and the eye of an octopus, low and moan, standing mid leg deep in the filthy paths. Turbaned men are perched here and there like storks on the house-tops—pulling their beards, and giving the whole place a Scriptural appearance. Calves, dogs and fowl wander promiscuously among the chimney-pots, and now and then a dark-eyed, olive-faced woman comes stealing shyly by, her face half averted from the gaze of the Giaour and partly concealed by the folds of her linen headdress. The gloomy interior of one of the houses or earth-heaps is 40 feet in length, and is divided into two compartments by a low boarded partition 4 feet high. That next the door is devoted to horses and buffaloes—the inner space affords accommodation to travelers. A little terrace of beaten earth, 6 inches above the floor, flanks both sides of the room. It is covered with coarse rush matting, and constitutes a seat by day, a bed by night. Two square holes in the roof admit light and air.

Three-Fourths of the jury which indicted Wells & Co. in New Orleans were not Democrats, indicating the deep feeling existing in the community against these scoundrels. But there is no political persecution in their case; it is for crime actually committed.

Now that a breach has been made by the indictment of Wells, Anderson, and their confederates in the barrier of fraud which surrounds Hayes, the tongues of those who took a minor part in the great conspiracy against the people are loosened, and developments follow each other fast. It is asserted by the Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Gazette that two of the Hayes electors in Louisiana voted blank, and positively refused to sign the certificate, and that others present signed the names of the objecting members. It is alleged that this fact is well known to Packard, and that Kellogg's private secretary, H. Conquest Clark, will testify to it under oath.

Seldom has a story been told in a court of justice more startling to business men than that testified to by William D. Edson, in the trial of the Northampton bank robbers. An agent for one of the leading safe firms of the country, this man obtained admission to the vaults of banks, examined their keys and their locks, and then deliberately plotted with professional cracksmen to rob them. The compact between the safe agent and the burglars was maintained for years, and culminated in January, 1876, in the robbery of the Northampton National Bank when between a million and a million and a quarter of dollars in securities was taken. A quarrel over the spoils, and the chief criminal's fear of detection, led to the development of all the astonishing facts. Two of the burglars are at the bar of justice, while the wretch whose responsibility is immeasurably greater than theirs is a witness to his own ignominy and to their guilt. While it is gratifying to see such a dangerous band of outlaws broken up, the public will regret that, in order to accomplish that end, immunity had to be promised to William D. Edson, whose name will henceforth be numbered among those of the most notorious and vilest criminals.

"THEM GLASS WORKS."

What May be Considered the "True Inwardness" of the Mission of Those "Nice" Belgian Gents.

[From the Altoona Globe.]

The people of Tyrone may be a little "off" in some things, but in the matter of organizing plate glass manufacturing companies they are not to be taken in. When Messieurs Gobert and Brasseur, or whatever their names may be, arrived in Tyrone, the council appropriated $15 to pay their hotel bills, merely as an act of hospitality. The band volunteered a serenade, after which the Belgian "commissioners" and the Tyroners got down to business and commenced to talk plate glass. The works would cost so and so; the people of Tyrone would be expected to subscribe something like $100,000 worth of stock—$50,000 cash. "Zee, gentlemens, ze fifty tousand tollar is ze bonus—zer bonus for ze machinery. Ze machinery, gentlemens, will cost 'bout one hundred and fifty tousand tollar, and we pay zer fifty tousand tollar to ze manufacturer as evidenz zat we take zem—ze machinery." The Tyroners suggested that it seemed unnecessary to pay the money as an "evidence that the machinery would be taken," as it could be purchased from the manufacturers through responsible parties in t'is country; the Belgian gentlemen said, however, that things are not done in Belgium as they are in America; they would take the fifty thousand dollars, go to Belgium, order the machinery which would be ready in about six months, return to this country in the meantime and have the buildings erected for the reception of the same on its arrival. The Tyrone people, however, were not to be guilled by such stories, hence the Belgian gentlemen started to Huntingdon. There they fared a little better. Although they did n't get the fifty thousand, yet they were feasted and escorted to Philadelphia by committees, and lionized considerably. But the bottom has fallen out of the whole affair. It turns out that none of the Belgian gentlemen are worth any money, and the scheme has all the appearance of a poorly planned attempt at plunder on a large scale.

CUBANS VICTORIOUS.

Win a Battle and the Yellow Fever Among Spaniards.

It is reported that Generals Maximo Gomez and Vicsenti Garcia, leading a very large and well-appointed force have forced Trocha and invaded Carco Villas, territory. A battle was fought at the crossing, in which over 600 Spaniards are said to have been killed, among them a Brigadier General—supposed to be Medinna. Since then another heavy encounter has taken place and considerable trepidation prevailed at the headquarters here. Three men-of-war were ordered to sea in great haste, doubtless to relieve and pick up the isolated detachments near the coast, endangered by this reinvasion of the territory unexpectedly by a large force. Reinforements from Spain are being got ready.

RUSSIANS REPULSED AT BAYAZID.

A dispatch from Erzeroum states the attempt of the Russians under General Tergukassoff to relieve the besieged garrison at Bayazid has failed notwithstanding the garrison made a determined sortie. The Russians, after suffering severe loss, retreated to Mount Ararat, where they were again defeated. The Turks took many prisoners and six guns.

WAR IN BULGARIA

How The Turks Have Laid Waste the Country.

New York, July 13.—A cable special from London says the losses sustained by the Russians in the recent occupations south of the Danube are much more serious than is admitted by the Russian authorities. As they advance into the districts of Bulgaria, just occupied by the Turks, they find the country a desolate waste. The corn crops are not yet ready to be gathered, and all grain in the storehouses has been destroyed. Every head of cattle has been seized and run off by the retreating Turks. So complete and widespread is the devastation in Bulgaria that every Russian train sent to the front has to carry stores of biscuits and other supplies, not only for the army but for the starving population. This seriously hampers the operations of the invading forces.

Seven hundred persons were killed and wounded by the bombardment of Rustchuk up to the 28th ult. Russian cavalry are at the Shipka Pass. [This is one of the roads over the Balkans, leading from Gabrova.] A telegram published here, but not confirmed, says: "The bombardment of Rustchuk re-commenced on Tuesday afternoon. Under cover of the bombardment the Russian Army attempted to take the town by assault, but were repulsed after two hours' fighting."

THE WAR IN BULGARIA.

Russians Reported to Have Crossed the Balkans.

Constantinople, July 16.—The Russians (who number fifteen not eighteen battalions) have crossed the mountains through Tivarditzka pass. This passage is supposed to be a feint to withdraw the Turks from Schipka pass.

St. Petersburg, July 16.—A large contingent of the Russian army is marching on the Balkans. News of the crossing of the Balkans has evidently caused great excitement in Constantinople. A telegram from that city says that the Turkish newspapers urge the inhabitants to form volunteer corps, as the enemy is at their gates. Work on fortifications is being carried on with great activity in Turkish quarters. There is a general impression that foreign powers will intervene.

Russians Capture Nicopolis.

St. Petersburg, July 16.—The Russians from Sistova made an assault in heavy force on an captured Nicopolis this morning.

British Consuls in Bulgaria confirm the reported atrocities committed on the Mussulman population by Bulgarians in Khanbagaz defile. Old and young men were massacred without remorse, while women and girls were terribly mutilated. The Porte charges the Cossacks with sacking villages near Ruttchuk, murdering males and violating females.

Russians Again Defeated at Bayazid.

Constantinople, July 16.—Ismal Pasha telegraphs from Bayazid, Saturday, that on Tuesday, 12 batallions of Russians endeavored to relieve Bayazid. We defeated them, and drove them to Kara-Bautak, with a loss of 600 killed, a quantity of provisions, 30 baggage wagons and their ambulance train.

To Abichasians, Circassians and Lesghians in the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground; and should sleep and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up he knoweth not how." In this parable, said the preacher, we have a beautiful picture, painted by a divine hand, of the order and process of man's regeneration. The Lord selects some of the most familiar instances of his methods of working out his purposes to show us how he works in the inmost recesses of our nature. He brings the highest processes of spiritual growth down to our natural consciousness and reveals to us its hidden springs. It teaches us that the kingdom of God is within ourselves, and that this kingdom consists of the interior heavenly degrees of the mind, with their brooding warmth and quickening breath, wherein the Lord dwells and reveals himself to us in the clearest forms.

The Growth of a Tree and the Soul Alike.

These interior forms of the mind are spiritual seeds. They are at first the mere possibilities of spiritual life, as a seed is the possibility of a tree. Before they can grow and become trees of life, or before these plants of the mind can be formed and come into conscious existence, they must send their roots down into the natural mind and push them out into the affections and understanding and memory to find the nourishment necessary to their organization. This is not a comparison; it is a correspondence. The growth of a plant and of the soul is exactly parallel. When you see the order in which the one proceeds you see the order in which the other proceeds; and as when you know how one seed grows you know how all seeds grow, so when you know how one soul grows you know how all souls grow.

The Relation Between Matter and Spirit.

The disclosure of this law is one of the great services which the "new church" is rendering to humanity. It bridges over the gulf between spirit and matter, and enables us to pass by an easy path from one to the other. The material world is but a symbol of the spiritual truth. The doctrines of the "new church" not only corroborate this general law of relation, but they also lead us into its particulars. They enable us to find the true meaning in the parable we look for our text of "ground," of "sleep," of "night," of "day," of the "ear" and "full corn." They enable us to find the spiritual forms and process to which these material forms and processes correspond. Seeds are divine truth; the ground is the mind, and the casting seed into the ground is learning these divine truths. The seeds are various, the ground differs much in quality. Whether the seeds will grow or not, and how much fruit they will produce, depend upon the quality of the ground, and upon the care with which they are guarded from harm.

The Obstacles to Spiritual Growth.

But the growth of a soul is as much promoted or retarded, in various degrees as the growth of a grain of wheat or vine. "The kingdom of God," represented by these higher degrees of the mind, is asleep in its first stages, and often to sleep afterwards. It is in the condition of a seed when first put into the ground, or of a plant during winter. These mighty realms so full of grand possibilities lie in so profound a slumber that few people are conscious of possessing them. When I tell you that you are heirs to all the heavens, and that you have the title deeds, and the will and testament engraved on your hearts, and that I have the Lord himself for my authority, you manifest no interest. Your whole kingdom is asleep, and therein lies the great difficulty of exciting a practical desire for the development of these higher places of the mind. Ignorance and spiritual stupor prevent all but a few persons from awakening to their highest interests. Most of you, if you cannot understand a truth as soon as it is stated, become impatient and discouraged, and give yourselves no further trouble to comprehend it, but go to sleep again.

God's Final Object in Creating the Universe.

The awakening out of the spiritual sleep is not effected once for all time. Sleep is as necessary to our spiritual life as to our natural life, it is true, but we cannot put seed into the ground and then fall asleep again. The work of a husbandman in raising a harvest of wheat is exactly analogous to our own agency in the development of our spiritual nature. He must prepare the ground and sow the grain; after that he must protect it from harm and keep the weeds from smothering it. When he has done these things, and while he is doing them, he may sleep and the growth will go on. The kingdom of God will increase, we know not how. The Lord's part needs no watching or imploring to continue the process of growth. The planting of his kingdom in us is in the final end for which he created the material universe and sustains it at the present moment. We, however, must prepare the ground and enrich it as much as possible and plant the seeds of divine truth and cultivate them. The Lord will make them grow until they become trees of life bearing heavenly fruit in richest abundance.

THE CROSS AND THE CRESENT.

The American people are distant, yet most deeply-interested spectators of the desperate struggle now in progress between the Muscovite and the Turk. The vast array of forces on either side, and character of the combatants, the relentless, obstinate courage of the Russian, the fanatic valor of the Turk, the complication of interests which seem destined to involve all Europe in the strife, and the effect which such a war is likely to have upon the agricultural and industrial pursuits of this country, are points which give to this contest a deep and absorbing interest.

And yet it is a fact that the mass of Americans are almost wholly without any definite knowledge of the regions most directly and primarily concerned in this war. To most readers of our newspapers, the news from the seat of war is in a large degree unintelligible, from lack of information as to those people and countries. Moreover, the demand for this information has developed the fact that there is not extant any book giving what is wanted, in reliable and popular form.

We are glad, therefore, to receive from the well known publishing firm of Hubbard Bros., advance sheets of a forthcoming volume, entitled "The Cross and the Crescent; or Russia and Turkey, and the Countries Adjacent." It is from the pen of the well known historian, Dr. L. P. Brocket, and gives a full and complete description of the countries bordering on the Black Sea, the Danube, the Euphrates and the Tigris; including their Extent, Physical and Political Geography; their History, with all its Varied and Thrilling Incidents; the Religion, Customs, Habits, Manners and Character of each Nationality; their Military, Naval and Financial Resources; the Causes and Influences which lead to this and former Wars, and a Full and Clear Explanation of the Complications which are driving the Nations of Western Europe into participation in it; the Massacres in Bulgaria; the Opposition and Cruelty which have goaded other Provinces and Tributary States into Insurrection, and the Despotic Sway of the Russian Government, all depicted with great Vividness and Force. It also contains Biographical Sketches of all the Prominent Actors in the War now in progress, Monarchs, Rulers, Statesmen, and Generals, with Portraits of many of them.

Aside from its relation to passing events, this is a most valuable and richly interesting volume. The brilliant, bloody and eventful history of these nations, the character of their governments, the peculiarities of the people, their religious beliefs, their social customs, habits and manners of life, present a subject full of novelty and instruction, and treated by so able and brilliant an author as Dr. Brockett, would at any time attract wide attention; but coming as it does, in response to an urgent demand for just the information here given it will every where meet with an eager reception, and prove to be the most important publication of the year.

Choice Farm
FOR SALE!

The undersigned offer the following choice homestead, near Linden Hall, at private sale. Consisting of

19 ACRES OF LAND,

under fences and in a high state of cultivation. Thereon are erected a 2-STORY BRICK HOUSE, Bank Barn, all necessary outbuildings, with choice fruit on the premises, a cistern and a never-failing stream of running water.

This property is desirably located about ¼ mile from L. C. & S. C. RR., and offers a fine opportunity for any one wishing to retire upon a small farm.

For further particulars apply to
D. C. GINGERICH,
ANNA GINGERICH,
Linden Hall, Pa.

17may3m.

Also, a new 2-horse wagon, guaranteed in every respect, for sale, or taken in exchange for young cattle.

WM. P. WILSON, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte Pa. Office in Mrs. Bella's Building, Bellefonte Pa.

ANCHORED
AT OAK HALL.
6TH AND MARKET
STILL TO BE HEADQUARTERS FOR
CLOTHING.
WANAMAKER & BROWN,
IN THE OLD PLACE AT THE OLD TRADE.

All the best talent, experience and advantages we can command, continued at OAK HALL, to produce the BEST and CHEAPEST CLOTHING for man and boy.

For sixteen years we have lived at the old corner of SIXTH and MARKET, and the business done there has been so satisfactory to the public and ourselves, that we have decided not to change or move the Clothing business away. The people like the place and we like to please the people, and we believe that we can do it better than ever at the old place.

The sales of the past year far surpassed anything we ever dreamed of, and this puts it in our power to start the Spring of 1877 with a STILL LOWER SCALE OF PRICES, and a class of goods so excellent that we are not afraid to follow each sale with our warrantee, or receive back the goods unworn and hand over to the customer the money paid.

The store has been largely refitted, and there never was such a splendid stock of Men's, Boys' and Children's clothing under the roof, nor were we ever able to sell so cheaply. Our word for it and we are your friends of sixteen years.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,
OAK HALL,
THE OLD PLACE, 6th & Market. PHILADELPHIA.

HARDWARE
WILSON & M'FARLANE.
NEW AND CHEAP
HARDWARE
STORE.
F. B. WILSON. ROB'T M'FARLANE. BELLEFONTE, PA.

We have opened a new and complete stock bought in New York and Philadelphia, from the manufacturers from first hands at extremely low prices, which we will sell at the lowest bottom prices, which we will give the people the advantage of. We say and will satisfy that we are the Cheapest Hardware Store in the country. We have a complete stock of Ranges, Heaters, Parlor and Cook Stoves. Each Stove guaranteed to give satisfaction in every respect. Bar-iron, Nails, Horse-shoes, Norway Nail Rods, warranted of the best quality, We claim we have the best Pure Lead, Oils, Colors, Varnishes, ever offered and the cheapest. Our Stock of Coach and Wagon Materials are of a very superior quality, and cheap, We will sell Saddlery goods as low as they can buy them in Phila. We will keep all kinds of Farmers Implements, Cultivators, Shovels, Plows, Pumps, Picture Frames, Moulding, Mirrors, Toilet Setts, Children's buggies, Wagons of all sizes, Oil Cloths, Tubs, Buckets, and Churns,

We have in connection a Tin Shop, Mr. Smith, foreman, in which we manufacture all kinds of Tinware.

Spouting made and put up of the best quality of tin at the lowest prices.

Call and see us and we will substantiate what we advertise, as we shall take pleasure in showing our stock.

Rooms No. 7 and 8, Humes Block, 6 doors north of Post Office, Bellefonte.

WILSON & McFARLANE,
12jul.tf

GRAIN ELEVATOR
—0—
SHORTLIDGE & CO,
—0—
BELLEFONTE, PA.
—0—

Have erected a new GRAIN ELEVATOR on their Coal Yard and are buying grain
AT THE HIGHEST PRICES,
in cash on delivery, for
WHEAT,
CORN,
RYE,
OATS,
CLOVER SEED &C.,

Unloading is done more easily and more promptly than any other place in town which makes the NEW ELEVATOR the most desirable place to sell grain.

ANTHRACITE COAL.
The only dealers in Centre County who sell the
WILKESBARRE COAL
from the old Baltimore mines. Also
SHAMOKIN AND OTHER GRADES
of Anthracite Coal dryly housed expressly for house use, at the lowest prices

RIFLE and BLASTING POWDER.
FIRE BRICK AND GROUND FIRE CLAY.
DEALERS IN
CAYUGA GROUND PLASTER,
which is always sold at low prices, and warranted to be as good a fertilizer as an other plaster.
OFFICE AND YARD
NEAR SOUTH END B. E. VALLEY R. R. DEPOT
BELEFONTE, PA.
DUNKLE & AUMAN.

—:0:—

House, Sign, and ORNAMENTAL PAINTERS,
Respectfully announce that they are prepared to do all kinds of work in their line of business, in the neatest and best style. All kinds of
GRAINING,
PAPER HANGING,
AND CALCIMINING,
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Calcimining a specialty. All orders by mail receive prompt attention, and satisfaction guaranteed. Charges most reasonable.
J. N. DUNKLE & CO.,
15 feb tf. Spring Mills, Pa.

Chas. H. Held,
Clock, Watchmaker & Jeweler
Millheim, Centre Co., Pa.
At kinds of clocks, Watches and Jewelry of the latest styles, as also the Maranville Patent Calender Clocks, provided with a complete index of the month and day of the month and week on its face, which is warranted as a perfect time-keeper.
Clocks, Watches and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted.

—Lincoln Butter Powder, makes butter sweet and hard, and quicker to churn Try it—for sale at Wm Wolf's store.

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS,
Dentist, Millheim.
Office in Millheim, Centre county, Pa., is prepared to perform operations in the dental profession. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain.
my3-72tf

S. & A. Loeb.

THE TIMES ADMONISH YOU,
THE TIMES ADMONISH YOU

TO SAVE MONEY WHEN YOU CAN,
TO SAVE MONEY WHEN YOU CAN,

We are selling—CARPETS AT 20 CTS
We are selling—CARPETS AT 20 CTS.
We are selling—CARPETS AT 20 CTS.

We are selling—CARPETS AT 25 CTS.
We are selling—CARPETS AT 25 CTS.
We are selling—CARPETS AT 25 CTS.

We are selling—ING'N CARPETS at 30c.
We are selling—ING'N CARPETS at 30c.
We are selling—ING'N CARPETS at 30c.

We are selling—INGRAINS AT 35 cents.
We are selling—INGRAINS AT 35 cents.
We are selling—INGRAINS AT 35 cents.

We are selling—Damask hall & stair car'ts
We are selling—Damask hall & stair car'ts
We are selling—Damask hall & stair car'ts

We are selling—Superfine Ingrain at 75c.
We are selling—Superfine Ingrain at 75c.
We are selling—Superfine Ingrain at 75c.

We are selling—Tapestry Brussels at $1,00
We are selling—Tapestry Brussels at $1,00
We are selling—Tapestry Brussels at $1,00

We are selling—Ladies' Dolmans at $2,50
We are selling—Ladies' Dolmans at $2,50
We are selling—Ladies' Dolmans at $2,50

We are selling—Ladies' Dolmans at $2,00.
We are selling—Ladies' Dolmans at $3,00.
We are selling—Ladies' Dolmans at $3,00.

We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $1,00
We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $1,00
We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $1,00

We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $1,50
We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $1,50
We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $1,50

We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $2,00
We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $2,00
We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $2,00

We are selling—Ladies Shoes at $1,00
We are selling—Ladies Shoes at $1,00
We are selling—Ladies Shoes at $1,00

We are selling—Ladies Shoes at $1,25
We are selling—Ladies Shoes at $1,25
We are selling—Ladies Shoes at $1,25

We are selling—Ladies' Button Shoes at $1,50
We are selling—Ladies' Button Shoes at $1,50
We are selling—Ladies' Button Shoes at $1,50

We are selling—Calicoes at 5 cents.
We are selling—Calicoes at 5 cents.
We are selling—Calicoes at 5 cents.

We are selling—Spool Cotton at 2 cts
We are selling—Spool Cotton at 2 cts
We are selling—Spool Cotton at 2 cts

We are selling—Dress Goods at 8 cts
We are selling—Dress Goods at 8 cts
We are selling—Dress Goods at 8 cts

We are selling—New Spring Plaids at 10 cents
We are selling—New Spring Plaids at 10 cents
We are selling—New Spring Plaids at 10 cents

We are selling—Men's Plough Shoes at $1,25
We are selling—Men's Plough Shoes at $1,25
We are selling—Men's Plough Shoes at $1,25

We are selling—Men's Gaiters at $1,50
We are selling—Men's Gaiters at $1,50
We are selling—Men's Gaiters at $1,50

In fact we are selling everything at prices that will convince all that we have touched the very bottom—no trouble to show goods for the purpose of comparing prices. S. & A. LOEB.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELERS.
—THE—
BUSH HOUSE!
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Has been recently thoroughly renovated and repaired, and under the management of the New Proprietor, Mr. F. D. McCOLLUM, formerly of Pittsburg, is first-class in all its appointments.
SPEC

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

THURSDAY JULY 19, 1877.

TERMS.—$2 per year, when paid in advance; $2.30 when not paid in advance. Advertisements 20cts per line for three insertions, and 5 cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements by the year at a liberal discount.

LODGE MEETINGS.

CENTRE HALL LODGE, No. 636, I. O. of O. F. meets every Saturday evening in the Odd Fellows Hall. J. M. GILLILAND, Secr. H. P. SAXMAN, A. G.

OLD FORT LODGE, No. 357, F. A. M., meets on Monday evening on or before each full moon in the Odd Fellows Hall.
C. P. HEINLACHER, Secr. J. A. FLEMING, W. M.

PROGRESS GRANGE, No. 86, P of H., meets at their Hall, Centre Hall on the Saturday on or before full moon at 2 P. M. and every two weeks after. Leonard Rhone Master.
G. W. Etnal Secr.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—STORE ROOM FOR RENT.—The undersigned offers the store-room, known as Herlacher's old stand, at Centre Hall, for rent. The stand is a desirable one in all respects. Possession can be had any time after April 1st, by applying to J. HENRY KELLER at Centre Hall. tf.

—Thermometer up to 90 in the shade, on Monday.

—Farmers finished cutting grain several days ago and are hauling in.

—Godey for August, is up to its accustomed standard. It is the ladies' favorite.

—G. W. Stover has erected a handsome hotel at Coburn (Forks), it is a rail building.

—Union county has appointed a committee to make arrangements for her Harvest home. We think there will be a big delegation from old Centre.

—Workmen are now engaged on the new station houses at the Forks and Spring Mills, for which R. R. Bridgens, of Lock Haven has the contract.

—Our merchant, Wolf, was out fishing the other day, and although he had not fished for 50 years, yet his luck was such that he did not have a single bite, save what was furnished by gnats and musquitoes. Does history relate any parallel?

—One day last week, Dr. Stomm, wife and child, made a narrow escape while out on a drive in Harris township. The horse became frightened, and wheeling around suddenly the Doctor was thrown out and the horse ran off. Mrs. Stomm managed to throw the child from the buggy and then leaped from it herself. None of the the parties were seriously hurt, but the vehicle was completely wrecked, and the horse came to a halt by getting into a millpond.

—One day last week one of the moulders in Zerbe's brick yard, in this place, moulded 6000 brick in ten hours. Who can beat that?

—Green's, the oldest drug establishment in this county, and the oldest druggist, you can find all pure drugs and medicines, fancy articles, fishing tackle, etc.

—The latest we heard as to the extension of our railroad is this: We heard a little boy say that he heard another man say that he heard Col. Moore say that the road would be pushed to Centre Hall. Seriously, we know of nothing that makes us despondent about it.

—Tombstones, monuments, couches, &c., furnished from Heisler's Bellefonte Marble Works cheaper than elsewhere, and with a beauty and finish not to be excelled. Remember this.

—Farmers of the Muney Valley complain that owing to the ravages of the fly the wheat will scarcely yield half a crop.

—Bonnell & Aikens have opened a Music & Sewing Machine Emporium, at Bellefonte. All kinds of Instruments, Sewing Machines, sheet music, kept at lowest prices. Next door to Newman's.

—The Lewisburg Chronicle says of their Spring Mills excursion: "After liberally paying all expenses incurred for the 4th of July pic-nic excursion, there was a surplus of $118.00, which President Slifer passed over to Treasurer of the Company. A "surplus" on such occasions is somewhat startling to the general railroading public; but in this case, the matter was well and honestly managed.

—Hartleton, says the Mifflinburg Telegraph, is the only borough in Union county that has no licensed saloon or hotel. If there is a place that needs the absence of such institutions, it is Hartleton,

—The Governor has appointed J. A. Gemberling of Selinsgrove, associate judge, in place of Judge Gemberling, deceased.

—On the evening of 13, three sons of the editor of this paper, aged 16, 13 and 9 years, had a fearful ride, as they came near town, on their return from berrying. The clip on one side of the shafts came off which naturally frightened the mare they were driving and started her down Church street with all her might, the wagon taking a zig zag track, and striking board walks, fire plugs, dirt and lumber heaps all along until crossing Main street, where the animal passed between the passage way of hitching posts on the square, and the wagon striking a post the two younger boys were pitched out on a bed of stones, and a few yards further a tree was struck at the corner of Wolf's store, upsetting the wagon and bringing the mare to a standstill, where she was secured by bystanders. The oldest of the boys who was driving, was thrown out at the school house, and escaped with some scratches; the second received no injuries from his fall, but the youngest was considerably bruised about the head and face, though not dangerously. It was a miraculous escape for the boys, as those who witnessed the run-off describe it as frightful, the fire flying all along the course, and the wagon striking against so many dangerous objects until arrested as above stated.

—The proud position of keeping the largest, best, purest and freshest groceries is still maintained by Sechler & Co., in the Bush house block, and they cannot be driven from it. For the people will accord it to them so long as they continue to sell any thing you want and better goods than usually kept in such stores. They are always wide awake to what their customers may want and never fail to please them. They do about the fairest business of any firm we know of, and in no single instance have we known one to bring a charge against them. This speaks volumes, and we would advise all house keepers to give them a call.

—Loose rock still keep falling in the tunnel at Beaver Dam. We suppose these are shattered fragments remaining from the blasting process, and which become loose from the trembling occasioned by the cars passing through the tunnel. On last Friday morning, about 5 o'clock, Willie, a son of the editor this paper was about to pass through the tunnel from the lower side, when a cart load of rock fell on the track some 3 rods from the entrance and a few minutes later might have made it serious for him.

—At J. C. Brachbill's, Bellefonte, you find the largest and cheapest assortment of furniture in the county. He is now selling off at near cost.

—We print envelopes as low as $1 per thousand. Send us your envelopes. We print letter heads, and statements as low as $1.25 per 1000, when persons find the paper. This is lower than you can get it done for in the city.

—FOR SALE.—a new Golden Tongue Organ, warranted. Will be sold very low. Inquire at this office. tf.

—Many of the Pianos and Organs now manufactured will contrast well with some watches we have examined, having a massive, highly embelished case, and when you ask them what time it is, they don't know, something is the matter with the movement. Such is not however the case with the Beatty instruments, manufactured at Washington, N. J., the movement, durability and tone, is the first consideration, and then the case constructed according to price. 1m

—Philip Frank, of Brushvalley, has taken the contract for carrying the mail, daily, from Centre Hall to Laurelton, at $700 per year. Mr. Charles Mayes, of Spruce Creek, has the contract between Spruce Creek and Centre Hall.

The completion of the railroad into our valley will soon cause changes in mail routes. The Laurelton route will soon be cut down to Spring Mills and Centre Hall, and there will no doubt be a new route made starting from the Forks to Millheim, Aaronsburg and Woodward. The days of staging through Pennsvalley are nearly numbered among the relics of the past. We have no doubt the construction of the railroad through this valley will also cause the abandonment of the mail route from Millheim to Howard.

—The first session of the Penns Valley Institute, under Prof. G. W. Fortney, closed on Tuesday evening, 3rd, with a literary entertainment in the basement of the Luth. church, which was a credit to all participants. The examination held during the day was highly satisfactory to the visiting patrons of the school and added to the reputation of Prof. Fortney as a successful educator.

Attorney General Devens is sending official letters to the United States marshals and other important officials under his department calling their attention to Mr. Hayes' order prohibiting officials of the government from taking any part in the management of political conventions, caucuses, etc. The letter also directs those to whom it is sent to inform all officers.

—The "Baby's Best Friend" is the most appropriate title for Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. It is absolutely free from opium, Morphia and other powerful agent, is perfectly safe and reliable under all circumstances and by allaying the usu. Stomach and Bowel Disorders of Babyhood keeps the child from fretting and crying, so injurious to itself and annoying to all. Price 25 cents.

—Scribner, for July, is an excellent number, both in its literary matter and illustrations. It ranks among the foremost literary monthlies issued.

— St. Nicholas for July is before us. This is the young folks favorite magazine, and worth several times its price in any family. Its stories are instructive as well as entertaining.

—The Novada (Ohio) Enterprise says, farmers pay $2 per day for harvest hands. Here $1 per day is paid.

—Newman, the famous Clothing man of Bellefonte, is about to move back into his old quarters, which have been much enlarged, and refitted in order to make room for a big business. Newman is the man of all others who made Clothing cheap in Centre county. He brought prices to the closest possible margin, and has been a public benefactor to a degree which no other man can boast of. Let him be supported for what he has done. If you need Clothing go to him and he will sell it cheap. He keeps an enormous stock, and can please all, men and boys. He is a perfect gentleman and will give you a bargain without fail. In his new quarters he will endeavor to do still better for his customers than heretofore. Give him a call, he can furnish men and boys with a complete outfit, and cheaper than any one else. Fact.

—Heisler's work in marble has taken the highest premiums, and is praised by all good judges and men of taste.

—A party in Mifflinburg has a fine band wagon which will be here on Monday evening next, and which our band would like to purchase if they receive sufficient encouragement from outsiders.
Come and see it.

—The thief who stole Senator Peale's horse at Rebersburg, mentioned in last week's Reporter, was arrested the other day near Curwinsville. After stealing the horse he rode to Columbia county and then turned back in this direction, and slept one night in the mountains not far from Centre Hall, according to his statement. He then proceeded to Clearfield where chase was made, and the fellow was shot at and had a rib broken by a ball, and received other injuries before he was captured. He is now in jail.
The thief's name is Walker. The horse has also been recovered.

—If you wish any of the time honored house-hold remedies, call for them at Green's drug-store in the Bush house block, and you will get something that is not an imposition.

—Butter makers will bear in mind that Valentines & Co., will accept none but good butter, and for such an article they will always pay more than market price. They intend hereafter to pay for butter according to the quality of the article. This is the right method and is a correct business principle than is carried out in regard to other articles. They will pay more than market price for good butter, and will reject any that is bad.

—Deininger & Musser, of the Millheim Marble Works, are doing a very good business, notwithstanding the hard times, and the secret of their success is that they make good work at very moderate prices. Don't be imposed upon by irresponsible agents and runners who have no knowledge or experience in the business but go to the Millheim Marble Works before you buy elsewhere, where you can get Monuments, Couches or Headstones, of any possible design or price. 3t

A severe storm passed over New Berlin on the 3d inst. The roof of the Methodist church was blown off and lodged on the roof of Dr. Hoy's house, doing considerable damage. The storm was confined to a narrow strip, but was violent and tore up trees by the roots.

— Do you want a handsome parlor suit, home-made or city manufacture, or marble top furniture, all styles and prices to be had at J. C. Brachbill's Bellefonte Furniture Rooms.

For the Reporter.
REBERSBURG AND VICINITY.

Sometime since Henry Brungard hauled 510 brick with one horse. The horse is 25 years old. Now if we allow each brick to weigh 5 lbs. it made a load of 2,550 lbs. Who will hand in a better report.

By the way harvest is over and our farmers can boast of a somewhat better then "average" crop. Probably S. Loose had the best grain in our vicinity.

The Normalists are beginning to pack up their books for a ten weeks "launch" to Milesburg. Poor fellows, we wonder if they will take the ague up dar.

About the next of note, by way of Lecture, will be four productions against the Romish church, prepared, and to be delivered by Rev. Keys some time in October. His lecture on Temperance a few nights ago was a grand success. Keys has no equal in these parts.

And Brushvalley is to be favored with a Camp meeting which is to be held in Oley or on Joe. C. Bierlys farm near Centre Mills. It is to commence on the 23 of August.

The Reformed church is up and under roof. We think the structive should go on to completion as fast as possible.

The Brass Band is reorganizing, and will prepare to make a trip to Lewisburg on a blow.

Wanted—To know who carried a sack of flour from Frank's Store about 3 weeks ago. The gentleman will please report without delay to the proprietor of the store. HEW MOR·

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.—June 18

by Shortlidge & Co.	
Flour per barrel, wholesale,	$ 9 50.
" " retail,	$10 00.
White wheat,	1 50.
Red "	1 50.
Rye,	60.
Corn, shelled,	50.
Corn, cob,	50.
Oats,	35.
Barley, rye weight,	56.
Cloverseed	$5 per 64 pounds.
Potatoes retail,	1 25
Nova Scotia plaster, ground,	10 00.
Cayuga "	$9 00.

BATTLE WITH THE INDIANS.

Eleven Soldiers Killed and Twenty-four Wounded—Inhuman Massacre of Chinamen.

San Francisco, July 15.—News was received here to-day from Walla Walla, under date of July 13, that on the 10 instant Joseph and his band surprised a party of 31 Chinamen who were coming down the Clear Water in canoes, and for mere pastime and recreation inhumanly killed the whole party except one, who managed to elude them and escape. These are the first Chinamen who have been molested by Indians of late, and many of them are frightened out of their senses and are leaving for the upper country. In a letter dated July 11, Leland of Lewiston, says the enemy's operations have been about seventy-five or one hundred miles in the rear of General Howard's movements; that the manœuvres of the latter are entirely too slow, and that Joseph is smart enough to take advantage of them and flank him all the time.

A later press despatch from Portland, Or., says an eye-witness of the fight on the South Fork of the Clear Water gives the following details: Lieut. Fletcher and A. D. Chapman, guide, found Chief Joseph after a long and arduous search with his full force, camped in an almost inaccessible defile between two high mountains near the river. Our command numbered 400; Joseph's, 300 brave and determined warriors. The fighting was carried on very carefully on both sides. The Indians fought in a recumbent position and kept up a steady fire from behind rocks, trees and every advantageous rise in the ground like skirmishers and sharpshooters. Our men were forced to approach through an open tableland and to receive a galling fire. There was desultory firing from the rifle pits all day. A squaw who fell into our hands says that seven Indians were killed outright and the number wounded is very large. She says that the Chief wanted to fight and die at the river, but the women prevailed upon him to retreat.

Captain Bancroft, of the Fourth Artilery was wounded badly in the left side. Lieutenant Williams was wounded in the arm and leg. Both will recover. Both sides fought with great determination.

The loss of the Indians appears to be thirteen killed and quite a large number wounded. We have Captain Bancroft, Lieut Williams and eleven enlisted men and twenty-nine wounded. The Indians abandoned their camps in great haste, leaving much plunder.

THE FIGHTING INDIANS.

Details of the Recent Encounters with Them.

San Francisco, July 10.—Dispatches from Lewistown give details of the encounters with the Indians on the 3d, 4th and 5th inst. near Cottonwood.

On Tuesday Col. Whipple sent out Foster and Baird scouting for Indians in the direction of General Howard's camp, on Salmon river. They had not gone far when they met three or four Indians, who ran them back towards camp. Baird was unhorsed, but escaped. Foster reached camp. Whipple ordered his command in readiness to move, and in the meantime Lieutenant Rains with Foster and eleven men were sent in advance to reconnoitre. Rains and his whole party were killed, including Foster. Whipple's command came forward and formed in line of battle on the east side of the ravine and the Indians on the west, all in open ground, about 1,000 yards apart, with only the ravine between them. Here they remained mencing each other for about two hours, until darkness came. Whipple retired to his camp and the Indians passed over to a point on Cottonwood trail. After the arrival of Colonel Perry next day rifle pits were manned and two Gattlings placed in position. The Indians made several attempts to storm the rifle pits, but were kept at a distance. About 9 p. m., firing ceased for the night.

On the morning of the 5th two couriers arrived from Capt. Randall, and sixteen volunteers from Mt. Idaho then appeared and about 150 Indians intercepted them. At this crisis, they being seen from Perry's position on the hill, the colonel was urged to go with the troops to their rescue, on which he, Capt. Randall and 16 men made a charge, breaking through the Indian line, reached the river bottom, dismounted and returned the fire. In the charge Captain Randall was mortally wounded, Benjamin Evans was killed and three of the others wounded. They fought them for nearly one hour and kept the Indians at bay, when Colonel Perry gave orders for fifty men to go to their relief. It was quickly obeyed and they were relieved in about one hour after the charge. No pursuit of the Indians was ordered but a retreat was made to the camp. Randall after he was wounded sat upon the ground and fired many shots at the Indians, the last one not more than five minutes before he fell back dead.

BATTLE ON THE WATER.

Panama, June 27.—Details of the battle between the Shah and Amethyst of the British navy and the rebel Peruvian ram Huascar were received on June 21. It occurred on the 29th of May. The English opened fire at about 600 yards, the first shot carrying away the flag of the Huascar, which was immediately replaced. The Huascar replied with her heavy 300 pound Blakeleys in the turret, and the Amethyst, lying off and on, steadily persisted in her attempts to rake the ram. The Shah fired her broadsides, which are discharged by electricity, and in a few moments everything on the Huascar's decks except the masts, turret and smokestack had appeared. Her standing rigging bents, steering gear and capstan were destroyed in the hot fire from the English vessel. The Huascar, however, continued her fire at regular intervals, sometimes from her turret guns. A shell from the Amethyst entered one of her forward parts, exploding inside, killing one man and wounding several. For a moment fire was apprehended but fortunately was prevented. After the fight had lasted about an hour and a half the Amethyst was seen with a thick smoke issuing from amidships, and steamed away out of action, not returning for twenty minutes, leaving the Huascar and the Shah alone. The former now attempted to ram her adversary, but the splendid handling of the Shah prevented any successful manœuvre of this nature. On approaching, as the Huascar's officers state, the Shah appeared to move as if by instinct, and her heavy batteries were brought to bear on the assailant.

A small galling gun, stationed in her tops, very seriously incommoded the combatants on board the ram and her smoke stack is riddled with musket balls. One 300 pound ball struck the turret of the Huascar and penetrated the iron for two inches and then rebounded, On the side she was hit twice by the same class of shot and with precisely the same result. The Peruvians now adopted a new mode of attack, first advancing on the Shah and then on the Amethyst, but the superior speed and superb management of these vessels prevented her ramming them. The battle lasted three hours. Then the Huascar slowly returned to the shore, the Amethyst having destroyed all the primers of the turret guns; and she headed towards land for which she had been manœuvering for sometime previously. The enemy did not attempt to pursue but contented themselves with receiving the last shots from the Huascar and remaining about two miles from the shore, evidently keeping watch over their brave antagonist.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

July 4th, 1877.

D. F. FORTNEY, Esq.

Dear Sir:—Learning that J. L. Spangler, Esq., will not be a candidate for re-nomination for the office of District Attorney, and knowing the insistance of having a competent and experienced Attorney to prosecute the pleas of the commonwealth, we would respectfully ask you to be a candidate for said office. Respectfully Yours,

John Greve,	J W Runkle.
J S Dauberman,	John Wiser.
John R Taylor,	Wm Richards.
Wm Wolf,	James Morrison.
J M Gilliland,	Philip Spotts.
C S Goodhart,	A S Williams.
W B Mingle,	Philip Williams.
J G Meyer,	W H Williams.
J B Fisher,	Wm Lewis.
E G Krumbine,	James Walk.
J G Sankey,	Geo. R. Williams.
Joseph L Neff,	J G Jones.
M J Dolan,	Patrick Maher.
John Rishell,	Terrene McAlarny.
P H Barnhart,	Owen McGann.
H H Twitmyer	Ambrose McMullin.
John Woods,	Joseph Garbrick,
A W Reese,	J H Morrison.
James Murray,	D. Z. Kline.
W H Graham,	B Galbraith.
S F Foster,	Daniel Lucas.
Joseph Fox,	Samuel Buckley.
B F Shaffer,	John W Gardner.
Joseph Schnell,	S F Kline.
W T Speer,	A W Weber.
Fred Smith,	Geo H Wistar
H C Yeager,	Thomas Butler.
Michael Shaffer,	J E Sperring.
Elias Venada,	James Hogan.
Thos Wood,	J H McElwaine.
J A Woodward,	Geo Speering, J P.
Geo Swartz,	P W McDowell.
Wm M Marshall,	W G Comesford.

Bellefonte, July 17, 1877.

To J. B. Fisher, John Grove, H. C. Yeager, Joseph Fox, B. F. Shaffer, John Rishel, Samuel Brickley, Philip Williams, W. B. Mingle, Hon. J. G. Meyers, and others.

Gentlemen:—Yours of recent date received. In accordance with your request I will be a candidate for the office of District Attorney. I am

Very Respectfully Yours,
DAVID F. FORTNEY.

A VETERAN MURDERER.

Slayer of Thirty-two Men—A Gentlemanly Farmer.

[From the Shreveport Times.]

We learn from Mr. Courtney, deputy sheriff of De Soto parish, that on last Monday or Tuesday he arrested William Lungley, a very desperate character, who is wanted in Texas for many highhanded outrages he has committed in that State. He murdered his last victim in Lee county, where he was well known and feared as a bad man and a remarkably good shot with either pistol or rifle. For some time he was confined in the county jail of Lee, but subsequently made his escape and fled to Louisiana, settling in De Soto parish, where he has been living quietly and peaceably for nearly two years under an assumed name of Jackson. The Sheriff of Lee county learning of Lungley's whereabouts wrote to the Sheriff of De Soto parish, giving a full description of the man and the crime he had last committed, and cautioned him to use every precaution for his capture as he or some of the posse might possibly lose their lives. Soon everything was quietly and systematically arranged for his capture. Mr. Courtney and a small posse went into the neighborhood of where their man was living, and before he was aware of what was going on they suddenly came upon him in the field ploughing and unarmed, taking him completely by surprise. Lungley immediately realized what was up, and seeing that he had no possible chance of escape, gracefully surrendered, saying, "Gentlemen, I know what you want; you are after William Lungley; I am the man." Mr. Courtney informed him that he had guessed correctly and produced the warrant for his arrest. Lungley, after being well secured, said he might as well make a clean breast of it, as it would be the last of him when he reached Texas, and confessed to the killing of thirty-two men, and said he came near killing a man two days before his arrest and wished he had done it, as it would have saved him from being captured.

During his residence in De Soto parish he conducted himself in a most quiet and gentlemanly manner, and none of his neighbors for a moment suspected him of being the bloodthirsty villian that he is.

After Lungley's delivery to the Texan sheriff he invited Mr. Courtney and his posse to come and see him hanged.

A correspondent of The St. Paul Pioneer Press describes the use of gold dust as currency as the greatest nuisance of the Black Hills. Each man is provided with his buckskin sack, and no matter what he buys, be it a plug of tobacco for ten cents, or an outfit for several hundred dollars, he must weigh the amount out in dust. This is a vexatious process, and of course it cannot be often repeated without a considerable percentage of waste. Gold is taken at eighteen dollars in greenbacks, and all shopkeepers give two prices. A movement is on foot to remedy this evil by adding a considerable percentage to the price of goods sold for dust, and many of the more sensible miners are beginning to sell their dust as they bring it in, and do their trading with paper money. Formerly there was much risk in taking gold dust, as it was mixed with a material that it was impossible to detect by any test except that of acid, and few could spare the time to submit the dust to that process. Now the dust is comparatively clean and safe to handle.

TWO NEGRO MURDERERS HANGED.

Charleston, July 13.—David Pearce and George Stevens, two negroes, who waylaid, murdered and robbed a young man named Edings near this city on May 11, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, were hanged at 11.35 o'clock this morning. They were baptized previous to their execution by a Catholic priest with whom they left a full confession of their crime. They died without a struggle. About 200 persons witnessed the execution.

AN EXPLOSION WHICH WILL RESULT IN EIGHT DEATHS.

Allentown, Pa., July 14.—A terrible explosion occurred this morning at the Ore Mines, some nine miles from Macungie which caused a great loss of life. The explosion took place at a few minutes before 6 o'clock. Three persons were instantly killed and five fatally and three seriously wounded.

The streets of Erzerum are compared by a correspondent of The London Standard to a net of wriggling eels. No squares, no good looking houses, offer anywhere a means of setting oneself right; everywhere nothing but houses, rising slightly from the ground, with grass roofs, on which may frequently be seen muffled-up women and children at play, and lambs frisking about. Children and lambs sometimes fall through the chimney into the house, in which men, horses, oxen, cows, and sheep live together. In bad weather the chimneys are covered with flat stones, and then the smoke fills the room or stable, whichever one chooses to call it. A small part of this room, devoid of light or air, in which a fire made of dung and finely-cut straw burns, is separated by a railing. Here paterfamilies sits on a rug, smoking his chibouque or nargileh, and receives guests. The preparation of food gives little trouble; a penny a day suffices to satisfy the palate and stomach, even in wealthy families. A little bread and cheese, perhaps a cucumber, under favorable circumstances a pilaff, on feast days a piece of mutton, which the Armenian women roast particularly well—that is the whole bill of fare.

Last week we advertised 1 quart down to the following prices: 1 Fruit Jars, at $1.- 50 per dozen, and 2 quart Jars at $2.00 per dozen.
quart Jars, $1.38 per dozen, and 2 quart Jars at $1.75 per dozen. I. D. Boyer, Aaronsb'rg.

MARRIED.

On the 17 of June, by Rev J. G. Shoemaker, Mr. Geo. M. Bower to Miss Martha J. Condo, all of Haines twp.

On 21, ult, by same, Mr. Daniel D. Royer of Rebersburg to Miss Mary A. Roush, of Madisonburg.

On June 28, by Rev. Groh, Mr. David Sparr, to Miss Rebecca Meyer, both of Boalsburg.

DIED.

On the 21st ult., near Jacksonville, Mrs. Elizabeth Orndorff, relict of Henry Orndorff, aged about 27 years.

At McGregor, Iowa, on the 26th ult., Samuel Miller, formerly of Millheim, age 47 years.

Mr. Miller was a son of Captain John Miller, of Millheim, and his death was caused from injuries received from the caving in of a sand bank.

In Penn twp., on the 6th inst., John Hammond, son of of William and Catharine Wolf, aged 17 years, 6 months and 17 days.

In Penn twp, June 6, John H. Wolf, aged 17 years, 7 months and 18 days.

If it be true that "Death loves a shining mark," he has succeeded this time.

On 21st, in Gregg twp, Mrs. Anna Krape, wife of George Krape, aged 53 years, 8 months and 20 days.

In the deceased, the community has lost an excellent member, the family an affectionate wife and mother, and the church a consistent christian, but there is consolation in believing that their loss is eternal gain.

On 15, in Potter twp, Mr. E. Erskine McMuin, aged 40 years, 6 months, and 22 days.

PENN'S VALLEY INSTITUTE.

The next session of the Institute will commence on the last Thursday (26) in July and continue ten weeks. Special attention will be given to those desiring to teach. Tuition, $5 to $8 according to branches studied; boarding $2.50 to $3.00 per week.
Address,
G. W. FORTNEY,
Centre Hall, Pa.
july12 4t

DAILY COACH
FROM
Centre Hall to Spruce Creek.

Leaves Centre Hall in the morning and returns in the evening. The proprietor has put first class teams and coaches on this line, giving speed and comfort to passengers. CHARLES MAYES,
12 jul3m Proprietor.

PENN HALL ACADEMY.

The next Term of this well-known institution will open on Monday, July 23. All the Academic branches taught, and students prepared for college. Locality healthy, and good boarding can be had at low rates. Tuition reasonable.
D. M. WOLF, Principal,
12 jul 3t Penn Hall, Pa.

THE CROSS and the CRESCENT.

A volume of thrilling interest by the eminent historian L. P. BROCKETT; describing the Russians and Turks; social, political, and religious history and condition; their home life, varied customs, and peculiarities, the causes of the war, the issues at stake—Christian against Mohammedan—the mighty interests of other nations involved; Biographies of the Rulers, Statesmen and Generals; All Richly illustrated. The book millions need now. Wanted instantly, 3,000 agents on very liberal terms. Address
HUBBARD BROS., Publishers, 733 Sansom St., Phila. 19jul4t

Farms . . . from 50c to $50 per Rod.
NELLIS' O. H. H. FORK, WITH NELLIS'
Patent method for mowing and stacking Hay or Straw, without extra charge to the farmer. Agtl. Steels finished and tempered by Nellis' process to suit all kinds soil. Medal awards on all our goods exhibited at the Centennial. Information free.
A. J. NELLIS & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
19 july 1m

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A. J. NELLIS & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
19 july 1m

HARDWARE & STOVES. HARDWARE & STOVES.

THOMAS A. HICKS & BRO.

We have a very large and complete stock of Hardware, the largest that was ever before offered by any firm to the people of this county, and are selling at the very lowest possible rates

Iron, Steel and Nails, Locks, Glass and Putty,

Pure White Lead and Linseed Oil; Turpentines and Varnishes, all which we warrant to give satisfaction. Our Pure Lead will cover as much surface as any in the market and cannot be excelled for whiteness. READY MIXED PAINT put up in any quantity to suit people, from one pound cans to one gallon cans, all ready for use. These paints we warrant to be mixed with pure lead and oil, and are free from all adulteration.

MECHANICS' TOOLS.—We pay special attention to this branch, and keep a full line of Saws, Chisels, Hammers and Bailey's Iron Planes; Horse nails of all kinds, Trace Chains, Hames, Etc. FULL LINE OF SADDLERY OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS. COACH WOOD WORK.—Spokes, Felloes, Patent Wheels of the most improved patterns; Mrs. Potts' Improved Flat Irons, cheap, convenient and durable—polished and nickel-plated. Johnston's Prepared Kalsomine; put up in 6-pound packages; easily put on, and cheaper than paper. We have all colors.

STOVES.

We have the only Reversible, Top-plate Cooking Stoves in the market. The Keystone, Susquehanna and Juniata, which we warrant to be the best bakers and the heaviest stoves in the market, we will sell at the very lowest price and give written guarantees. Also all kinds of Ranges and other stoves. COME AND SEE OUR KEYSTONE COOK STOVE; IT IS THE HANDSOMEST IN THE WORLD.

On 8, at 9 p. m. the train of Mr. Schellhagen, en route from Chihuahua to San Antonio, laden with specie, was attacked by thirty-five white and Mexican highway men on the Seco Creek, fifty-two miles from here. The train contained twelve wagons, and there were twenty men with it. After a desperate fight the robbers were driven off, losing several killed and wounded. The majordomo of the train, Mr. Frank Grimsiger, and a Mexican were killed, and several others of the train people wounded. No such outrage has occurred since the war.

Announcement.

We are authorized to announce J. M. Kreichine, Esq., of Bellefonte, as a candidate for District Attorney. Subject to the decision of the Democratic county convention.

THE GAME AND FISH LAWS.

Black bass may be taken any time with rod, hook and line.

Wild ducks may be killed any time.

Wood and summer ducks may be killed any time from Oct. 1st to Jan. 1st. Twenty-five dollars penalty for catching wild duck with net.

Fish can not be taken from any set net, fish basket, pound net, gill net, or anything in the nature of seines in any waters of the state, except tidal waters, with gill nets, where meshes are under three inches under a penalty of $25.

There shall be no fishing or hunting on Sunday, under a penalty of $25.

Grouse, partridge or pheasant may be killed from Oct. 1 to Jan. 1.

Hare and rabbits may be killed from Oct. 15 to Dec. 15.

Plover may be killed from August 15 to January 1.

Quail may be killed from October 25 to December 15.

Squirrels may be killed from July 1 to January 1.

Speckled trout may be killed from April 1 to August 15.

Woodcock may be killed from July 4 to January 1.

Lake trout may be killed from March 1 to December 1.

Again we call the attention of our readers to the advertisements of D. F. Beatty, Esq., Washington, N. J., of his Pianos and Organs. The reputation of Mr. Beatty as a manufacturer of instruments is very substantial, he takes great pains with their construction, selection of material, and efficient and trustworthy employees, their various departments being arranged for service and not for artificial purpose. They contain not the slightest intrigue, but are substantially and perfectly arranged in their various departments, he having for his fundamental aim, durability, and perfect richness of tone. See his advertisement in another column.

SPRING, - - - - - - - 1877.

WE ARE NOW PREPARED.

FOR THE SPRING TRADE.

WE HAVE THE GOODS!

PRICES LOW!

Selection Unsurpassed! Stock Large.

And now we extend a cordial invitation to our friends, patrons and the public generally. We will say this, Come! if we do not show you

THE BEST SELECTED STOCK
AT PRICES LOWER THAN USUAL,

and if we cannot prove that it is to your interest to patronize us, then don't buy; but come and satisfy yourself.

We have opened a full line of

DRY GOODS
Clothing, Carpets,
Boots & Shoes, Groceries,
QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE, HATS AND CAPS,

and in fact everything and anything embraced in the above line.

We will beat everything in prices and assortment, and our past, we trust, will be a sufficient guarantee to our patrons of fair and honest treatment. We have established and will maintain our reputation. The large trade we do enables us to get fresh goods daily, which is a great advantage to our patrons in all lines, and more especially in Groceries. Call, and it will prove to your interest.

VALENTINES & CO.

H. HERMAN, Manager.

5 PER CT. DISCOUNT FOR CASH!

WE HAVE, AT PRESENT, ON OUR COUNTERS, A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF DRY GOODS, WHICH WE ARE OFFERING VERY LOW TO CASH BUYERS.

OUR LINE OF MOURNING CALICOES IS COMPLETE.

Bengal Plaids,	12½c per yd.
Star Mills,	15c "
Alpacas, 75, 50, 45, 25c	"
Clark's O. N. T. Thread, 75c	per doz.
Men's Shirting, 12½, 15, 20c	per yd.
Bleached Muslin, 5 to 16c	"
Unbleached, 5 to 10c	"
Sugar, 10, 11, 12c	per lb.
Best White, 12½c	"
Mackerel, Lake Herring and white	

CASH, or Country Produce.

Cotton Lops, 15, 22 and 28c	"
Calicoes, 6, 7, 8 and 9c	"
Lancaster Ginghams, 10c	"
Best Cotton Carpet Chain	25c "
Bed Ticking, 14, 20, 25, 38c	per yd.
Split and double Zephyr	
Black and White, 18c	per oz.
All other colors, 20c	"
Germantown Wool, 12½c	"

A large stock of Linseed Oil, White Lead, (Lewis'), Putty, etc, on hand. Sold by special contract.
Fish very low. TERMS positively Respectively,
ISAAC D. BOYER,
Aaronsburg.

DRUGS! DRUGS!! DRUGS!!! S. T. Shugert, having purchased the Drug store on Allegheny street, Bellefonte, next door to the hardware Store of Hicks & Bro., has stocked and filled it out with all the most popular

DRUGS & MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY
SOAPS, COMBS AND BRUSHES,
TRUSSES, SUPPORTERS, BRACES
FANCY AND TOILET
ARTICLES, &c., &c., &c.

Patent Medicines, Alcohol, pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes only Physician's prescriptions carefully compounded and orders answered with care, and dispatch. Farmers and Physicians from the country will find our stock of Medicines complete, warranted genuine and of the best quality.

This Store will remain under the direction of the accomplished druggist and pharmacist heretofore connected with it, Mr. H. M Herrington, and we respectfully solicit the custom of our friends and the old patrons of the store.
19aptf S. T. SHUGERT.

Cheapest of All!!

Largest of All!

BEST OF ALL!!!

MAGNIFICENT STOCK OF SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

Wolf's Old Stand.

AT

AT CENTRE HALL,

OVER 5000 YARDS OF CALICO, WHICH WILL BE SOLD CHEAPER THAN EVER BEFORE IN THIS SECTION.

We have the Goods! Prices Low! Selection Unsurpassed!

And we now extend a cordial invitation to our friends, patrons, and the public generally. Come! we will show you the

BEST SELECTED STOCK,

At prices lower than usual.

A full line of Dry Goods,

Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Groceries, Queensware, Glassware, Wood and Willow Ware, Hats and Caps, and in fact everything and anything embraced in the above lines.

A LARGE STOCK OF

READY - MADE CLOTHING

constantly on h

The Hero.

The cannons all were silent, the bugle ceased to sound,
And many a valiant warrior lay lifeless on the ground;
For night had forced an armistice upon the eager foes,
And all around was quietness, save where the cry arose
From wounded and from dying, or when the war horse neighed,
For man and beast alike had felt the keenness of the blade.
And now a lonely maiden is searching o'er the plain,
For she would find her lover, to kiss if he be slain;
To tend his wounds if wounded, to bath his aching head;
And still she weeps, for much she fears he's numbered with the dead.
For hours she wanders slowly, and looks at every face,
Till, weary, sad, and foot-sore, she leaves the horrid place.
But where, oh, where's her hero? For his country has he died?
And was he foremost in the fight—the bravest on his side?
She walked till nearly daybreak, in sad and pensive mood,
When suddenly the lost one before the maiden stood.
Joy! joy! he had not perished! Ere was the fight begun,
The owner of that gallant form had turned about and run!

HIRAM'S DUPLICITY.

The Mysterious Tracks in Mrs. Gurney's Flower Bed.

BY CHARLES R. BARKER.

"Yes," said Mr. Gurney to himself, as he walked down to the stable at sunrise, "I'll set Hiram on the watch. It's a contemptible thing to do, to be sure. But I will not be tortured in this style any longer. I don't believe it, but I want to find out for a certainty. And if there is anything in it—if there is anything"—and the speaker shut his lips unpleasantly together.

Mr. Gurney, who had been married just two years, lived in a snug little place, named Cozy Dell, a few miles from the city. Hiram Nesbitt, a friend of his boyhood, was his man-of-all-work, and his nearest neighbor was a comrade in the war, a handsome bachelor, Captain Kenrick. How Mr. Gurney first became jealous of the captain he never knew. As he had a very plain face—and was keenly aware of it—perhaps it was when his pretty wife asked him, laughingly, once, after a social gathering, why he was born so homely, and why his eyes could not have been as deep and dark as those of Captain Kenrick. Perhaps it was when he learned from Hiram that the gay captain had a habit of dropping over to see Mrs. Gurney when the master of the place was absent. But, whenever it was, Mr. Gurney was undoubtedly jealous. Hiram, putting the little brown mare into the buggy, noticed his employer's morose look, and said, in a cheerful voice:

"You don't believe in lucky days, nor nothin', do ye, Mr. Gurney? Now, my grandfather wouldn't no more have gone a journey on a Friday, no, he'd cut his throat! Kinder funny, too, today is Friday, hain't it, Mr. Gurney?

"I don't see anything very funny about it," said Mr. Gurney. "But, before I start, I want to talk with you a little, Hiram."

"Yes," replied Hiram, expectantly, buckling on the reins.

"Well," resumed Mr. Gurney, somewhat nervously, stroking the mare's arched neck, "I'll tell you what I want, Hiram—and it's a favor I wouldn't ask of every man; but you and I were boys together, you know."

"Yes," reiterated Hiram, in a tone which said that, for his part, he had no desire to deny the charge.

"And," continued Mr. Gurney, hurriedly, "it is because you'll keep your mouth shut about my asking a favor of you that I ask it. What I want you to do is this: After you drive me to the depot, you are to come straight back, and stay round here all day, till it's time for you to come after me at night. Then tell me who comes and who goes. Do you understand? You may work or not, as you please; but stay within sight of the house, keep your eyes open, and tell me who comes and who goes. That is all. Will you do it?"

"Sartain," said Hiram, briskly; "I'd as lief's not."

"Well, then," said Mr. Gurney, his brow clearing up, "jump in. We shall barely catch the train."

Hiram drove Mr. Gurney to the village, and saw him off on the cars. But when he came back to the farm he brought with him a bottle full of poor whisky; and that bottle of poor whisky kept Hiram's head pretty well shut, at full weight, and fast, asleep, on the grass behind the hedge, from the middle of the forenoon till nearly nightfall.

Mrs. Gurney was a fair young blonde, with limpid blue eyes and a skin which had once been dazzling white, but was now a trifle browned. She had been a belle, and was still a beauty. She looked exceedingly attractive as she stood in the vine covered door way, gazing out over the fields, while the setting sun threw a halo round her fair, stately head.

"Can you see him?" said a strong, cheery voice behind her.

"See him? no, indeed!" replied Mrs. Gurney, with a pretty air of vexation. "Where do you suppose he is? Dear me, it's nearly sunset! Katie, can you drive a horse?" continued Mrs. Gurney, shortly, turning to a buxom damsel who was her faithful handmaid, and, of necessity, a jealous observer.

"Oh," answered Katie, with an easy air of superiority in that direction, "certainly I can, Mrs. Gurney."

"You can?" said Mrs. Gurney, smiling; "well, I'm ashamed to say I can't. But, if you can, I can go with you, and we'll shut the house up, and go to the depot and meet Frank. It would never do to let him walk home after his hot day in the city. As for Hiram, I am worried about him. He's been about both barns, could have kept him from his dinner, and he didn't come to that. There must be something the matter with him. However, there is no time to lose. Will you go?"

"Indeed I will," replied Katie, "and go right and put my hat on, and have the carriage up here to the door before you're ready."

Fifteen minutes later, Cozy Dell was basking in the rays of the sun, with no one about the premises save Hiram, still asleep behind the hedge, but a human figure soon appeared on the quiet scene, a slouching figure with a weary gait. It was a man with a coarse, red beard, and coarse, red, tangled hair, straying out from beneath a battered wide-awake hat. He was a ragged, disreputable fellow—in a word a "tramp"—and as he lounged up the path, staring about him, he munched some food held in one grimy paw. He shambled coolly up to the side of the cottage, and knocked. But, probably, he had a well-grounded suspicion that the action would prove an unnecessary exertion, for, without waiting for a response to his summons, he stepped on the soft mold of the flower bed beneath the window, and tried to raise the sash. It was securely fastened. With a mumbled oath, he cast his eyes toward the stable. The door was wide open. His dusty face lighted. His tired limbs seemed already to feel the restful ease of new-mown hay. He stepped back to the path, walked to the stable, looked warily around him, and entered. Then, glancing around, and seeing nothing which he could conveniently appropriate, he climbed a ladder, gained the top of the hay now, burrowed a hole in one corner, and lay down with a satisfied grunt.

It was well for him, perhaps, that he ensconced himself so soon; for hardly had he passed from sight when there was a stir and a confused muttering behind the hedge.

Hiram's long nap was over. He rose slowly to his feet, and looked stupidly over the landscape, then at the sun.

"This here's a pretty go—this is!" he grumbled. "A most sunset, too! I've kept watch like the mischief, I have! I wonder, now, what Gurney 'll say?"

With many misgivings, Hiram made his way to the stable. He went into the building, came out, looked down the road, up at the house, and then swore.

"Gone!" he ejaculated. "Gone, an' I don't know where! That there mare ain't here, an' I don't know who's got her! Well, I might as well look out for a new place—I might! I rather think this has fixed me! Howsomever I want somthin' to eat, an', what's more, I'm goin' to hev it. Hullo, Katie!"

Hiram was going up to the side door of the house when this exclamation escaped him. There, under the window, he saw imprinted on the yielding soil, a clear cut impression of a man's boots. He stooped and examined the foot prints. Evidently they greatly interested him

"Well," he soliloquized at length, standing up and regarding the tracks in his early like a tipsy Robinson Crusoe; "well, there ain't but one man round here as wears such narrer-heeled, stylish-looking boots as them. There ain't no mistake about it, the feller as wore them boots was Captain Kenrick! An' the tracks ain't more'n two hours old. He's been here, then, an', cuss it all! I didn't see him. He's probably gone off ridin' with Mrs. Gurney. Now, there's no sense in my talkin' the bread an' butter off o' my mouth, an' six dollars a week out o' my pocket, for nothin'. Here's the evidence that Captain Kenrick has been here. There's no dodgin' it. He made them tracks, an' I shall tell Gurney that there's been one visitor here to-day, an' I shall tell him who it was. I shall say the captain stood under the winder here a-talkin'—what in Moses was he standin' here for if wasn't talkin'?—a-talkin' with Mrs. Gurney, an' she a-leanin' out an a-listenin' an' a-lafin', an'—oh, I calkerlate I can fix it up all right."

With a sudden remembrance that he was hungry, Hiram went up to the door. Turning the knob, he stepped back in wonder.

"Well, he said, "an' locked! So Katie's gone, too!"

Hiram's face again grew perplexed. Here was another problem to solve—and all on account of the contents of that flat bottle.

"Katie's with her, an' I decide, promptly, "an' the captain has been here, if he ain't with her now."

There remained but one more obstacle for him to clear from his path. It was past the one that he should have met Mr. Gurney at the railway station. However, Hiram's mind was of a highly ingenious turn.

"I'll pretend," he said, reflectively, "that the cows broke into the lower corn-field, an' tore down forty rod of fence, an' while I was fixin' it up, Mrs. Gurney went off with the horse."

Hiram had no sooner invented this fiction than he descried the carriage coming up the road, and went down to the stable to receive it with his usual solemn, decorous countenance.

Just at dusk, as Hiram was rubbing the little mare down, Mr. Gurney came into the stable. He, too, had seen the tracks in the little flower-bed, under the window, and he knew that Hiram's broad soles never made them.

"Well, Hiram," he said, with an air of carelessness, "any visitors?"

Hiram cleaned the card he was using, looked at it attentively, and said:

"I ruther guess there was! I ruther guess you can see where Captain Kenrick stood in under the sittin'-room winder, a-talkin' with Mrs. Gurney—he a-leanin' up against the winder, an' she a-leanin' out."

Mr. Gurney scowled darkly. If he himself had not seen and examined the trampled flower-bed, he would have had suspicions that Hiram was not telling the truth, for his wife and Katie had already said that Hiram had not been seen around the premises during the greater part of the day. As it was, he felt like choking Hiram, kicking himself, and murdering Captain Kenrick—but he dared not think of his handsome young wife for a minute.

Without more words, Mr. Gurney walked slowly up to the house, clenching his hands and cursing in the dusk, while Hiram shut up the stable, and went to the cow-yard about his milking, congratulating himself on his felicitous imagination.

As the stable doors swung together, an unkempt head peered out over the edge of the hay-mow; and its owner, after satisfying himself that he was alone for the night, crawled back to his nest, and, taking from his pocket a short, black pipe, he lighted it, settled back comfortably, and began to smoke.

There was no caste at Cozy Dell. Mr. and Mrs. Gurney, Hiram and Katie, all ate at the same table—and even the two servants would have felt insulted if any more aristocratic mode of dining had been proposed.

"By the way," said Mr. Gurney, sipping his tea, "did you tell Captain Kenrick to-day that I had concluded not to take that land, Helen?"

"I tell him?" said Mrs. Gurney, with a puzzled look. "I haven't seen him since last week."

"What?" said Mr. Gurney, lifting his eyebrows; "I understood he had been over here to-day."

He glanced sharply at Hiram, but that worthy's attention was wholly absorbed by a large slice of cold beef.

"Whoever told you was mistaken," said Mrs. Gurney, quietly, though her blue eyes sparkled as she passed Katie a cup of tea. She had seen the glance at Hiram, and was annoyed. As for Hiram, he felt that he was fast being placed in an uncomfortable position, and, without lifting his eyes from his plate, he said, doggedly:

"I s'pose I told him that Captain Kenrick was over here to-day. An' I s'pose, now, if Captain Kenrick a-standin' under the sittin'-room winder."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Gurney, cuttingly, "at what time of the day did you see him trampling down my flowers, pray?"

Here was a dilemma for Hiram; but it has been mentioned that his mind was eminently inventive. He remembered the apparent freshness of the tracks.

"I should judge," he replied, with deliberate exactness—"I should judge it was five o'clock in the afternoon."

"You have remarkably eyesight," said Mrs. Gurney, smiling. "I think you said you were down in the lower corn-field back of the house, from before dinner till nearly sunset, repairing a broken fence."

Ah, Hiram, there was a miserable pitfall you had not thought of! It is absolutely necessary to perfection in lying, it is said, that the liar should have a good memory. This essential Hiram Nesbitt lacked; and, accordingly, he grew very red in the face, and stammered an indistinct reply, which Mr. Gurney cut short by saying, coldly:

"It is of small consequence, of course, whether Captain Kenrick has or has not been here to-day. However, Helen, I noticed that some one has been trampling down your flowers sadly, and, by the looks, I should say recently."

Mrs. Gurney flushed up. But at that instant Katie gave a wild scream, jumping from her chair, and nearly overturning the table.

"The barn! the barn!" she exclaimed, pointing through the window. All eyes turned in the direction indicated. The barn was on fire!

Mr. Gurney and Hiram dashed out of the house. The horses and the cows were soon driven to a safe distance, and when they were running out the engines the neighbors began to arrive. Captain Kenrick was just in season to help remove a heavy wagon, and, as he was pushing in the smoke behind it, his foot struck something soft on the stable floor. He stooped to examine the obstacle. Then he gave a shout, and dragged into the grass, away from the heat of the flames, the body of a man. He was ragged and dirty, with frowsy, red hair, and repulsive even in death; for the tramp's rambles along dusty roadsides were stopped forever, and he was given to no man, whose end is shrouded in uncertain shadows. Captain Kenrick bent over him.

"His neck is broken," he said to the wondering group about him. "I hardly see how it happened, unless he was on the mow and fell to the floor, blinded by the smoke. He looks like a tramp—well, well, if he isn't the same fellow that my aunt gave a pair of my best boots to this very afternoon! See, he has them on now."

Those standing by saw that the dead wanderer's feet were, indeed, encased in a pair of fine new boots. Mrs. Gurney, beside her husband, saw them, and said, pityingly, at the same time giving Mr. Gurney a peculiar glance:

"It was he, then, poor fellow, that trod down my flower garden."

Hiram saw them, and, shrinking back, said to himself: "Well, if that don't beat all!"

Mr. Gurney saw them, and, pressing his wife's hand, said, under his breath:

"Helen, forgive me! You will never be jealous again."—*Illustrated Weekly.*

Francis Murphy and His Work.

We clip from an exchange an article condensed from the Cincinnati *Commercial*, giving an interesting description of Francis Murphy, the temperance reformer, and the beginning of his reform work:

He was born in Wexford, Ireland, in 1836, and led a life of greater or less dissipation until, when he was keeping a sailors' boarding house in Portland, Me., he fell down stairs in a scuffle with a drunken man, who was killed by the fall, while he was arrested on a charge of murder. While in jail on this charge, of which he was afterward acquitted, he was converted to religion, went to preaching temperance, and turned all but five of the prisoners to temperance.

After leaving jail he went to a temperance barbecue where Dio Lewis was to speak, but somehow Murphy was persuaded to talk first, and Dio said, as he sat down: "You don't want to hear anything from me now. Take that man and send him over this country, and he will fire it from one end to the other." Murphy began his work at Pittsburgh with a course of lectures before a temperance union of young men, but these were not successful, and Murphy one night broke down while he was talking to some reporters, and said that he could never work that way, lecturing in the churches, but if he only could have a room where he could fetch in a dozen or so of "the boys" off the streets, he might do some good, and he burst into tears. One of the reporters immediately went out and got a room for him, the basement of a church, and he began work as he wanted to with "the boys;" got them to talk among themselves and reform each other, and started that movement which transformed thousands of drunkards in Pittsburgh and Alleghany City into sober citizens.

Murphy is a short, stout man. When he talks to an audience his speeches are delivered in an easy manner at first, but generally, after he has spoken smoothly and slowly for a while, an inspiration seems to strike him, he sets himself as if he was going to give a man a blow, and for ten or fifteen minutes the language flows from him like a stream of water from a great fountain. You might as well take hold of a magnetic battery as to take hold of his hand sometimes to shake hands with him. He is a very attractive man, all sympathy, all heart. Murphy refused a guarantee of $250 a night for four months for a lecturing tour, saying that he couldn't do any good that way; as a matter of fact he received just enough to live on, as Moody does, and, unlike Moody, he asks for no expensive preparations, and will not come to any place for any specified time, for when he enters a city he means to stay until he has accomplished something.

Nine Different Flavors.

A humorous friend of ours used to be particularly enthusiastic on the classic subject of osculation, says a writer in *Appleton's*. He declared that there were few "sciences" so difficult of acquisition. "People," said he, "will kiss; yet not one in a hundred knows how to extract bliss from lovely lips any more than he knows how to make diamonds from charcoal." He used to relate his experience of a good-night's kiss, imprinted on the lips of his *inamorata* after having escorted her to and from a New England forfeit party, where the poor girl, being the belle of the evening, had been kissed and, as he expressed himself, "slobbered over by all and sundry." He declared that in that one chaste salute he could discriminate "nine distinct and separate flavors," namely: "onions, tobacco, peppermint, gin, lager beer, brandy, checkerberry, musk and camphor."

THE BATTLE OF ARDAHAN.

Shell Raining on the Devoted Town—How the Russian Storming Party Carried the Forts—Terrible Slaughter.

Letters from Tiflis give a graphic sketch of the Russian victory at Ardahan. On the first day of the attack the capture of an outer fort was only regarded as a preliminary success. The bombardment of the other forts began at daylight the next morning, the storming army being all the time kept in readiness to begin their assault whenever the bombardment should have made a sufficient number of breaches in the Turkish stronghold. After two hours the same guns that had been pouring their fiery contents into the Ardahan forts began to pay their compliments to the city proper. The Russian batteries, placed along the adjoining hills, formed a semi-circle around the beleaguered city. Behind these batteries stood the infantry, out of sight of the enemy. Shot and shell were being poured into the streets of Ardahan, when the Russian commander, as if overcome with awe at the havoc he was creating, ordered the firing to cease, and demanded the surrender of the city without further bloodshed. The Turks, however, asked for conditions that could not be granted. Once more the fearful bombardment began, this time directed simultaneously on the forts and on the city. With a sharp field glass one could see already the piles of corpses continually accumulating inside the forts, but the Turks, with an obstinacy which almost appeared superhuman, answered shot for shot. Only one fort remained silent. Brave as were the Turks, their shells, however, did little damage; most of their shots did not even reach the Russian batteries. Slowly, however, as the incessant Russian firing commenced to tell fearfully on the beleaguered city, the enemy's fire grew fainter and fainter. At once the order was given to the storming columns to get ready for action. It was already six o'clock in the evening and only two hours were left before dark, but the commander, Louis Melikoff, did not hesitate a minute. The signal for the assault was given. The right wing of the storming column under General Heymann consisted of two battalions of infantry and one company of sappers. Heymann rode at the head of his column. The maneuver was a brilliant sight seldom witnessed in border warfare. Forward they rushed through ravines and valleys. Through another ravine but leading to the same point two regiments rushed forward at the double quick. The batteries followed the flight of the column. Two regiments from Tiflis rushed forward, each against a fort. All the battalions moved along in the form of a chain, the rear covered by a deep body of cavalry.

As the storming columns came in sight of the enemy a terrible fire of shot and shell came from the Turkish ranks. It was apparent, however, that their fire, though heavy, was aimless. Entire salvos of artillery flew over the heads of the Russian infantry without doing the least damage, and ten thousand cartridges were fired off without hurting a soul, so bad was the Turkish firing. Slowly but steadily the Russians now moved forward, not firing a single shot for fully half an hour, notwithstanding the terrible fire directed against them by the enemy. The moment they came within proper range, however, they aimed low and fired deliberately. This coolness at once stamped the assault as a success. Not a single cartridge was fired in vain; the enemy suffering terribly, at last appeared to have lost its self-control. The Turks fired tremendously, but all to no purpose. All at once the walls of the doomed city looked like one sea of flame, and then suddenly became enveloped in clouds of smoke. Slowly but simultaneously the various storming columns, now marching more quickly, closed in upon the forts, more and more encircling in a narrower compass the entire line of the Turkish defense. The nearer they approach the enemy the more murderous become their fire. they came upon the earth fortifications their columns were massed closer and closer. The Turks now saw that the Russian attacks were irresistible; that they would soon have to take recourse to the bayonet and engage in a hand to hand conflict. At the sight of this the Turkish infantry wavered. Whole regiments threw their arms away and took to flight. The artillerists, however, kept to their posts, but most of them were killed at their guns. Others abandoned their batteries without even spiking teir many nificent guns.

The city of Ardahan is, however, divided into two by the River Kura. On the right bank, now made secure, are the mansions of the rich, the palace of the pasha, the hospital, barracks and the powder magazine. The other part of the city, with the citadel, warehouses and a number of government and other public buildings, lies on the left bank. Two bridges connect the two parts of the city. As the Russian columns came over, the citadel poured a terrific fire into their ranks, causing severe losses. But regiment after regiment rushed across the bridge, and moved up to the citadel. The garrison became panic stricken, and left the poor artillerists to their own fate. In the meantime the garrison that had ran away from the other part of the city were seen to cross the second bridge. The Cossack artillery sent a few shells among them, and hundreds of Turkish soldiers were thrown from the bridge into the water and drowned.

Fifteen minutes later a regiment from Tiflis also took possession of the second bridge, thus cutting off the enemy's retreat. At that moment the most remarkable episode ever witnessed in warfare occurred. Whole Turkish battalions threw their arms away and jumped into the water, so as to save their necks by swimming. But even there the Russians were ready. They fired at the swimming Turks from the bridge and killed them while in the water. A large number who had taken refuge in the hospital and in the barracks continued firing from the upper stories of these buildings upon the advancing Russians, but the soldiers of the Tiflis regiments soon overpowered them also. The cavalry was now sent to the front to pursue the fugitive army. The infantry closely followed them. A street fight of considerable magnitude next engaged the attention of the combatants; but the Turks were fleeing fast, and quiet was soon restored, the cavalry pursuing the Turkish fugitives some eight miles outside the city, where everybody tried to save himself the best way he could. As darkness fell upon the city the cavalry returned to the town with an immense number of prisoners.

The commander-in-chief, Louis Melikoff, who led the general assault in person, entered the city immediately after his troops had occupied it. The streets were literally covered with the dead bodies of Turks. Not only those who had fallen during the assault, but also of those who had been killed during the terrible bombardment two days previous. Everywhere abundant evidence was found that the enemy became panic stricken and abandoned all idea of a glorious resistance.

Expensive Funerals Condemned.

Judge Rhone, of Luzerne county, Pa., has called for the vouchers for the items termed funeral expenses in a recent case heard in the orphan's court. The amount of the decedent's personal estate was $581.82, while the expenses of burial were returned by the administrator at $130.75. On the subject of extravagant funerals Judge Rhone says: "It is not necessary to have a pompous procession in great length, in which figure conspicuously waving plumes—the prancing livery steed, harnessed in finely upholstered vehicles—and a glistening silver-plate l casket in which is placed the cold clay clo hed with raiment as costly as the richest he wore when living. Neither is a pile of carved marble with poetic inscription set over the tomb in a conspicuous corner lot in the city of the dead, necessary for a Christian burial. Have the terms grave, coffin and shrond been forgotten by eve ybody? Such parades as are called 'fine funerals' may gratify the vanity of the living, but no respect for the dead demands them, and where a decedent's estate is limited and his debts are not paid, or where he leaves a family of h lpless children, the expenses of such burials will not be allowed out of his estate. Those who contract for and enjoy such luxuries must pay for them themselves."

DROLL EPITAPHS.

Some of the Quaint Churchyard Literature of Our Forefathers.

Our worthy forefathers were possessed of a peculiar kind of grim humor blended with simplicity, if we may judge from the sepulchral oddities which are to be found scattered over England in the country churchyards of England have reference to the professions of the departed, and they are often expressed in exceedingly droll terms. For example; the following commemorates the sturdy fellow who kept the turnpike at Worcester, and demanded toll of George III. when his majesty was going on a visit to Bishop Hurd:

On Wednesday last old Robert Sleath,
Passed through the turnpike gate of Death.
To him would Death no toll abate,
Who stopped the King at Worster gate.

This is on an innkeeper at Barnwell, near Cambridge:

Man's life is like a cruiser's day;
Some only *breakfast* and away;
Others to *dinner* stay and are *full fed*;
The oldest man but sups and *goes to bed*.
Long is his life who lingers out the day;
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.
Death is a *waiter*; some few run on *tick*,
And some, alas! must *pay the bill* to Nick!
Though I owed much, I hope *long trust* is given,
And truly mean to pay all debts in heaven.

This is on an undertaker:

Here lieth Robin Masters—faith, twas hard
To take away our honest Robin's breath;
Yet surely Robin was full well prepared
Robin was always looking out for death.

In Walton churchyard, near Liverpool, is the following, on George Miles, blacksmith, who di d in 1719:

My sledge and hammer lye reclined,
My bellows also lost their wind,
My fire's extinct, my forge decayed,
My vice i' the dust my friends have laid.
My coals are spent, my iron's gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done.

And this is on a collier:

Here lies the collier, John of Nashes,
By whom death nothing gained, he swore
For, living, he was dust and ashes,
And being dead, he is no more.

In Stepney churchyard, London, is the following quaint epitaph on Captain John Dunch, who died in 1697:

Though Boreas' blasts and Neptune's waves
Have tossed me to and fro,
In spight of both, by God's decree,
I anchor here below.
Where I do now at anchor ride
With many of our fleet;
Yet once again I must set sail,
Our Admiral, Christ, to meet.

This is on a noted juggler:

Death came to see thy tricks, and cut in twain
Thy thread—why didst not make it whole again?

This on Little Stephen, a famous Suffolk fiddler:

Stephen and Time are now both even:
Stephen beat Time; now Time's beat Stephen.

On a notorious miser:

Here lyeth Father Sparges,
Who died to save charges.

On a lawyer named Strange:

Here lies an honest lawyer—that's Strange!

And this is on an old woman who kept a pottery shop at Chester:

Beneath this stone lies old Katherine Gray,
Changed from a busy life to life'ess clay;
By earth and clay she got her pelf,
But now is turned to earth herself.
Ye weeping friends, let me advise,
Abate your grief and dry your eyes;
For what avails a flood of tears?
Who knows, but in a few years,
In some tall pitcher or broad pan
She in her shop may be again?

In a village churchyard in Norfolk is this laconic record:

Here lies James Bunn,
Shot by a gun.

Perhaps the most curious of laconic epitaphs is that in the New Church, Amsterdam:

Effen nyt—

Flemish words, meaning *exactly*. These words are inscribed on an ancient monument of whitish marble, on which there is also sculptured a pair of slippers. The story runs that a gentleman who was tolerably wealthy, and loved above all things good living, conceived the notion that he would only live a certain number of years, and desirous to leave none of his wealth unenjoyed, he made a nice calculation of his fortune, which he so apportioned for every year he was to live (according to his own notion) as to last exactly the same time with his life. Curiously enough, it so happened that his calculations did not deceive him, for he died exactly at the time he had previously reckoned, and had then so far exhausted his estate that, after paying his debts, there was nothing left but a pair of slippers. His relatives buried him, and caused the slippers to be carved on his tomb, with the laconic epitaph, *exactly*.

Here lies the man Richard,
Whose surname was Pritchard,
They lived without strife:
And the reason was plain—
They abounded in riches,
They got nothing in pain,
And the wife wore the breeches.

This is on a Mr. Bywater:

Here lie the remains of his relative's pride,
Bywater he lived, and by water he died:
Though by water he fell, yet by water he'll rise,
By water baptismal attaining the skies.

On a marine officer:

Here lies, retired from busy scenes,
A first lieutenant of marines,
Who lately lived in peace and plenty
On board the ship the Atalanta:
Now, stripped of all his warlike show,
And laid in box of elm below,
Confined to earth in narrow borders,
He rises not till further orders.

In the churchyard of Linton is the following inscription, designed, no doubt, "to teach the rustic moralist to die":

Remember, man, that passeth by,
As thou is now, so once was I;
And as I is so must thou be;
Prepare thyself to follow me.

Underneath some irreverent wag wrote:

To follow you is not my intent,
Unless I know which way you went.

Fashion Notes.

Banged front hair is the style for little girls.

Silken purses are in use again, and ladies are knitting them for a pastime.

Flowered organdy muslins are more popular than the striped designs so long in vogue.

Willingham embroidery and applique work in bright colors on gray and white coutille is a popular kind of fancy needlework at the moment.

Tilleul-colored sun umbrellas, lined with green, red or blue silk, and fringed with ribbon loops and tassels to match the linings, are very stylish.

White sprigged muslin costumes, trimmed with Torchon and Clovis laces, are worn over pink, blue, mauve and white lawn slips, according to fancy.

Among the various kinds of fancy needlework for summer pastime are tidies in medizeval lace braids in simple but effective patterns, done with wheels and twisted bar stitches.

Shetland wool, Shetland floss and ice wool are taking the place of zephr wools for the present, and crocheted head coverings which ladies are so fond of making and wearing at summer resorts.

The newest style of evening dress is the "baby frock," made exactly as for an infant with all the fullness of the skirt thrown back, short waist, and wide sash belt closed with slashed loops and falling ends.

"Modestics" are the collars and collarettes worn over high-necked dresses or street costumes; some are finished with Valois ruffs, others have ruffles and chicoree ruches of frayed silk, or scarfs and knots of crepe de chine; they fasten at the back.

Bonnets have strings now; when of ribbons they are often tied on one side with a loop and ends, near the ear; when of thin material and long, they are caught under the chin, and then confined again at the belt on the left side by a bunch of flowers or a rosette.

Carmine, one of the new colors, is a pure shade without an intermixture of yellow; it is very much used; but white and the soft cream tints are so much worn in Europe that a French writer compares the appearance of a French salon to a dish of floating island on whipped cream.

The long scarfs of net or gauze worn with round hats are made to serve as veils, and are also wound around the neck; when they are of black net dotted with gold embroidery or colors, they give a Spanish effect. Blue and yellow striped gauze, called "Athenian," is much worn on chip bonnets and hats.

SUNSTROKE.

Prevention and Treatment of this Summer Evil.

The New York *Tribune* has the following timely remarks in regard to the prevention and treatment of sunstroke, taken from a report of the New York Board of Health:

Sunstroke is caused by excessive heat, and especially if the weather is "muggy." It is more apt to occur on the second, third, or fourth day of a heated term than on the first. Loss of sleep, worry, excitement, close sleeping rooms, debility, abuse of stimulants, predispose to it. It is more apt to attack those working in the sun, and especially between the hours of eleven o'clock in the forenoon and four o'clock in the afternoon. On hot days wear thin clothing. Have as cool sleeping rooms as possible. Avoid loss of sleep and all unnecessary fatigue. If working indoors, and where there is artificial heat—laundries, etc.—see that the room is well ventilated.

If working in the sun, wear a light hat (not black, as it absorbs the heat), straw, etc., and put inside of it on the head a wet cloth on a large green leaf; frequently lift the hat from the head and see that the cloth is wet. Do not check perspiration, but drink what water you need to keep it up, as perspiration prevents the body from being overheated. Have, whenever possible, an additional shade, as a thin umbrella, when walking, a canvas or board-cover when working in the sun. When much fatigued do not go to work, especially after eleven o'clock in the morning on very hot days if the work is in the sun. If a feeling of fatigue, dizziness, headache, or exhaustion occurs, cease work immediately, lie down in a shady and cool place; apply cool cloths to and pour cold water over the head and neck. If any one is overcome by the heat send immediately for the nearest good physician. While waiting for the physician give the person cool drinks of water or cold black tea, or cold coffee, if able to swallow. If the skin is hot and dry, sponge with, or pour cold water over the body and limbs, and apply to the head pounded ice wrapped in a towel or other cloth. If there is no ice at hand keep a cold cloth on the head, and pour cold water on it as on the body. If the person is pale, very faint and pulse feeble, let him inhale ammonia for a few seconds, or give him a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in two tablespoonfuls of water and a little sugar.

Intelligence and Fidelity of Cats.

Marvelous stories are sometimes told concerning the intelligence and devotion of cats to a master or mistress; but there is slight doubt that although remarkable isolated cases of this sort may exist, most cats are noticeably free from any high instinctive developments. An account is given of an old toll-keeper who had a favorite cat and a pet canary, who dwelt together on terms of the most millennial harmony; but it is also related that once during the absence of the toll-man, puss fell a victim to her natural yearnings and suddenly fled, with the golden songster in her fast, to her master, who chanced to be working in his garden. The toll-man never beheld her again, for there are certain misdeeds which their perpetrator knows to be past all possibility of forgiveness. Other tales are told, however, in which this final element of treachery is wholly wanting. An English lady not long ago asserted that she had a fine gray-and-black cat which defended her larder against the inroads of other feline foragers. A stray cat was once observed to abstract from this lady's refrigerator a cold stewed pigeon, whereupon "our cat rushed after the thief," declares the possessor of this "remarkable animal," and with some difficulty and loss of fur drove the spoil. This unselfish and heroic cat then laid the pigeon triumphantly at its owner's feet. An instance is also related, on good authority, of a cat which brought home a live canary in its mouth and presented the bird to its mistress. The canary, being put in a cage, subsequently became a great pet, and puss also became its devoted friend, once severely punishing another cat who presumed to gaze with yearning looks upon its favorite. In Scotland it is said to be quite a common thing for cats to occupy the position of sentinels on shopkeepers' counters. "I remember," says Miss Oliver, "one cat in particular, a very large and powerful Tom, who used daily to mount guard on the counter, to protect his master's wares. He used to walk up and down, generally keeping close to the shopkeeper, with his quick eye on the customer. If the latter paid the money down, he was allowed to take up and pocket the articles; but if he put a finger on any little package before paying, Tom's big paw was down on him at once, a hint that never required repeating to the same customer." Regarding this ideal Tom, it is furthermore narrated that he was the pink of everything that was fair and honest; under no circumstances could he ever be induced to steal. The shopkeeper had once intrusted for a few minutes to the back of his shop, and had left Tom apparently asleep beside a large piece of butter which had just been weighed. A boy, who chanced to be passing with a piece of oat cake in his hand, observed the absence of the master and the seeming slumber of Tom. Here was a superb chance to butter his cake, thought the urchin, and he drew forth his jack-knife, slipped up to the butter, and prepared to help himself. But his knife had no sooner entered the butter than Tom, with distended claws, sprang upon him. A wild struggle ensued, and Tom mingled his own cries with those of the would-be thief, until the shopkeeper was presently drawn to the scene of conflict. Afterward, it is related, Tom showed marked satisfaction in seeing the offender's ears soundly boxed. A Mrs. Church has printed an account of a cat which saved the life of a poor Scotch peasant, when lying ill, by bringing to his cottage every night a rabbit which she had killed, occasionally varying her tribute with a bird instead.

Dom Pedro and Victor Hugo.

The following is a new anecdote about the emperor of Brazil:

He recently paid a visit to Victor Hugo, in France. After a long interview, in which the two celebrities conversed upon divers topics, the emperor asked permission of the poet to repeat his visit, requesting him to fix a day. "I receive my friends every day," said Hugo, politely, "and we have dinner at eight o'clock."

After the lapse of some days, one evening at about half-past seven o'clock the door bell of the poet's house was rung, and a gentleman in dress coat and white cravat presented himself. "Whom shall I announce?" said the servant. "Dom Pedro de Braganza," replied the visitor. As yet there was nobody in the parlor. The host was informed of the arrival.

"I have come to dine with you," said the emperor, in democratic style.

Soon the guests sat down to table. The repast was charming. Dom Pedro gave some very curious traveling impressions. Victor Hugo, for his part, spoke with that simplicity so full of warmth of which those who have not the honor of being intimate with him have no idea. When the emperor took leave of his host—it was rather late—the latter said to him, smiling with his fine and arch smile: "Sire, I could not possibly tell you how happy I am that we have no sovereigns like you in Europe." "And why?" said Dom Pedro. "Because," replied Victor Hugo, "both myself and my friends would be very much puzzled to find anything bad to say of them."

Dom Pedro burst out laughing, and took leave of his friend like a good-natured and sensible man.

WHAT IT COSTS TO MAINTAIN SOLDIERS.—Apropos of the political complications in Europe, it may be of interest to know the cost of the maintenance of soldiers in each of the great countries on the other side of the ocean. It is said that England spends for each of her soldiers $500 per annum; Russia, $240; France, $234.40; Belgium, $209.40; Germany, $195; Turkey, $184.40; Italy, $183.46; Denmark, $172; Spain, $155; and Austria, $144.

Voltio for a haunted house—"I'll make a ghost of him that lets me."—Hamlet.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Items of Interest from Home and Abroad.

A special election for seventeen members of the legislature from Charleston county, South Carolina, was held. The whole Democratic ticket of fourteen white and three colored nominees was elected, the Republicans declining to run any ticket.... The eight-oared boat race between crews from Harvard and Columbia Colleges on the Connecticut river at Springfield, Mass., resulted in a victory for Harvard.... John M. Langston has been tendered the mission to Hayti.... General Grant and his wife visited Queen Victoria at Windsor.... According to a copy of the pay certificates for the coming Forty-fifth Congress, that body will have a Democratic majority of sixteen, with seven members to hear from.... Lieut.-Gov. Dornbaimer, of New York, publishes a letter stating that it is within his personal knowledge that Mr. Tilden was not in favor of the Electoral Commission.... William Lloyd Garrison was entertained at a banquet in London.... A large meeting in aid of the sufferers by the fire in St. John was held in New York, and was addressed by Henry Ward Beecher and others.... The President and his cabinet were received in Boston by Gov. Rice and the military authorities. The review of the troops by the President was followed by a reception at Faneuil Hall.

While a fire was raging in a storehouse and bakery of Sing Sing prison, Charles J. Williamson, one of the convicts, a notorious forger, succeeded in making his escape.... The Liberal Republican State convention of Iowa met at Des Moines and nominated John H. Gear, of Burlington, for governor and Frank J. Campbell for lieutenant-governor. Resolutions were adopted declaring that the United States of America is not a league; that the United States in the Spanish government has given assurances that it will make all honorable amends for the seizure and will spare no effort to prevent a repetition of similar outrages in the future.

Ex-Governor O'Leary, the champion pedestrian of Canada, started to walk 320 miles within six days in New York.... Heavy storms of wind and rain prevailed in different sections of the country, doing a great deal of damage to buildings and crops. A hotel was struck by lightning in Carrick in Maine, and many other buildings and houses were blown down and families rendered homeless.... Frauds in the American Popular Life insurance company of New York have been discovered by the receiver.... Terrible fighting between the Russians and Turks after the latter had crossed by the Russians, and the town of Nicopolis was reduced to ashes by the Russian bombardment.... A den of thieves on Stanton street, New York, was broken up by the police and a number of men and women arrested. Imagine a lady, having a complexion so sallow that you would deny her claims to the Caucasian type if her features did not conform